The Orchestra

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

No. 63, VOL. III. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864. (Stamped) 4d. (Unstamped) 3d.

NOTICE.—"THE ORCHESTRA" is published, for the Proprietors, every FRIDAY at TWO O'CLOCK, by ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet-street, E.C.

"THE ORCHESTRA" for GERMANY and EASTERN EUROPE.—Mr. LUDWIG DENICKE, of LEIPZIG, begs to announce that he has made arrangements for a weekly supply of "THE ORCHESTRA." The subscription will be 1½ thaler for three months; 3 thalers for six months; and 6 for twelve. Issued at Leipzig on Thursday.

Orders to be sent direct to LUDWIG DENICKE, Leipzig, Germany.

*** German Advertisements for "THE ORCHESTRA" also received by LUDWIG DENICKE, as above.

NOTICE.—TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS.—All ADVERTISEMENTS for "THE ORCHESTRA" must be sent not later that 4 o'clock on THURSDAY, to

ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet-street, E.C. or to 55, King-street, Regent-street, W.

MISS KATE GORDON will Play at Southampton on the 16th; at Brighton, 23rd; and will leave town to fulfil engagements in the Northern Provinces and Scotland the beginning of January. Letters respecting engagements *en route* to be addressed to her residence, 3*, St. GEORGE'S-ROAD, Warwick-square, Belgravia.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE will Sing at the CONCERT in aid of the Royal Society of Female Musicians, Hanover-square Rooms, Dec. 13th.

MISS JULIA ELTON will Sing in "Elijah," at Cambridge, on December 7th; Southampton, 13th; Weymouth, 15th; Edinburgh, 31st, and January 2nd; Hamilton, 3rd; Edinburgh ("Messiah"), 4th. All letters respecting engagements to be addressed 45, BURTON CRESCENT, W.C.

MRS. DAUNCEY-MASKELL will give Dramatic Recitals at Dunfermline, 2nd December; City Hall, Glasgow, 3rd; Kilwinning, 8th; Coatbridge, 12th; Glasgow, 9th January. Can accept engagements in North of England for February.—4, WOODLAND PLACE, HIGHGATE ROAD, N.W.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN will Sing at Glasgow, Nov. 29th; Crosshouse (near Kilmarnock), Dec. 2nd; Glasgow, 3rd, 9th (St. Paul's), and 10th; Newcastle, 12th; Shields, 13th; Worcester, 15th; Shields, 26th; Newcastle, 27th. Address, 115, GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, Bloomsbury.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will Sing this day Nov. 24th, at Canterbury: 28th, Leicester; 29th, Walworth; 30th, Whittington Hall; Dec. 1st, Croydon; 6th, Albion Hall; 31st, Saturday Concerts, Aberdeen; Jan. 2nd, New Year Festival, Aberdeen; 6th, Saturday Concerts, Aberdeen; March 6th, Maidstone; 15th, Faversham, and can accept engagements *en route*.—2, CRESCENT-PLACE, Burton-Crescent, W.C.

MADAME ELWOOD ANDREA (Contralto) has returned to town for the season.

Letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, or Pupils to be addressed to 12, BEAUFOY TERRACE, MAIDA VALE, W.

MR. FERDINAND BOOTH (Solo Violoncellist) requests that all engagements be addressed to his residence, 3, CHEPSTOW VILLAS, Florence House, Bayswater

MISS ELIZA HUGHES (Soprano) begs to announce that she has returned to town for the winter season. All applications for Oratorios, Opera di Camera, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to 35, BAKER-STREET, Portman-square, W.

MRS. MEREST (late Maria B. Hawes), CONTRALTO.—All applications for Oratorios, Concerts, Lessons, to be addressed to 7, ADELPHI TERRACE, Strand.

MISS AUSTIN (Contralto). All Letters respecting engagements or Pupils to be addressed, care of Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street.

MADAME WINTER (PIANISTE), begs that all communications referring to Concert Engagements or to Pupils, may be addressed to her, 49, CARLTON ROAD, Maida Vale, or at Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street.

SIGNOR MARCHESI. Communications for Oratorios and Concerts, in Town and Country, to be addressed at HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MASTER PAPE performs at all the Monday Concerts at the FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER, during the present year. For engagements address, as usual, 9, Soho-square.

MR. J. G. PATEY begs to announce that his present engagement will terminate on Dec. 3rd. All communications respecting Oratorios and Concerts to be addressed to him, ADELPHI CHAMBERS, 7, John-street, Strand.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS begs to announce that he has removed from Torrington Street, and requests that all letters be addressed to his new residence: 6, St. Mary Abbots Terrace, Kensington.

MR. JOHN RHODES gives Lessons as usual in town on Saturdays: Pianoforte, Singing, and Harmony. Address, Mr. JOHN RHODES, CROYDON, S.

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MR. WILBYE COOPER begs to inform his Friends and the Musical Public that he has returned to Town, and that all communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., should bear his new address: 68, Richmond Road, Westbourne Grove, W.

MR. CHAS. ADAMS.—It is respectfully announced that all communications respecting engagements for Mr. CHARLES ADAMS should henceforth be addressed to Mr. JOHN RUSSELL, Acting Manager, Royal English Opera, Covent Garden.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN.—First Concert of the Fifth Season, WEDNESDAY, December 14, "ELIJAH." Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Annie Cox, Miss Palmer, Miss Palmer Lisle, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Fred. Walker, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Edward Murray. Organist, Mr. John G. Boardman. Band and Chorus, 700. Tickets 2s., 3s.; numbered stalls, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s.

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At the early dawn of day,
Merry the maiden that laughs below,
Where violets hide away.
Tenderly twilight steals o'er the fern,
The Pimpernel marks the time,
The wood-bird's song and the maiden's laugh
Are husht at the evening chime.

Slowly the river of life rolls on,
'Mid the fairest flowers at dawn,
The dearest hopes of a life belong
To the sunlit hours of morn.
Treasure the flowers of youth for age,
We sail to the unknown shore
Where blossoms that spring at morning tide
Will wither for evermore.

HENRY CLARKE.

Miscellany.

THE OPERA IN FRANCE.

The perpetual repertory of the opera is composed of eight works: "*Guillaume Tell*," "*Robert le Diable*," "*Les Huguenots*," "*Le Prophète*," "*La Juive*," "*La Muette*," "*La Favorite*," and "*Lucie*." These *chefs-d'œuvre* represent, each in its particular line, five composers: Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Auber, and Donizetti. It is true that, now and then, two or three other composers arise to break the barrier of exclusion; but whether they are named Prince Poniatowski, Félicien David, Gounod, or Wagner, their isolated works can never command a claim of admission into the regular repertory. When "*Tannhäuser*" was in course of rehearsal certain enthusiasts prognosticated one or two hundred representations. "'*Le Tannhäuser*,'" exclaimed its author, will be played always." Wagner had the pretension, also, of succeeding without the claque; and his play only lived, as we have seen, three nights, amidst a storm of opposition. After the composers came the dramatic *librettistes*, or *paroliers*, among the first of whom was Scribe. M. de St. Georges has inherited his royalty, and few works go before the opera without having been revised and corrected by him. After M. de St. Georges come Messrs. Pacini and Ch. Nuitter. M. Paul Foucher, Alphonse Royer, and Gustave Vaëz, labour in the sister arts of song and dance. The author and composer's rights are five hundred francs a night, with a kind of patent for the provinces.

The great difficulties of an administration lie in avoiding to wound susceptibilities. Vanity is an essential condition with artists, and with some artists it is carried to the extreme limits of endurance. If some of the ladies had it in their power, they would have the theatre closed on the occasion of their illness, rather than a rival should take her place in a favorite part. Artists do not generally trace their descent from the Montmorencies or the Godfroy of Bouillons. Mademoiselle de la Pommeraye is, however, of noble descent, and her mother said, on her début, "You must feel that, when one call's one's-self De la Pommeraye, one cannot content one's-self with mediocre success; to-morrow, my daughter will be first at the opera, or the fine stipulated by contract will be paid by us. The next day Mademoiselle de la Pommeraye was not the first, but she not the less continued to sing. Rénard, on the contrary, signed himself "Rénard, formerly a workman, actually singer at the opera at thirty thousand francs the year."

Artists are, strange to say, superstitious. The latest manifestation has been what the Italians call *la jettature*. The secret lies in closing the two middle fingers and holding out two others, so as to form a kind of horn—the effect of which is as bad as the evil eye. The pretty ballet of "*Graziosa*" suffered so much from this kind of manifestation, that a pitchfork was actually placed in the box of a certain Italian cavalier, to ward off his supposed necromancy. Madame Barbot, who attained great success in the "*Huguenots*," used, we are told, to refresh herself in the entr'acte with "côtelettes sanglantes," a steak or chop cooked English fashion being always so designated by the French, and as for that, by many other nations, too. The red serum of partially-cooked meat is, however, not blood.

A. M. Larenaudé's de Raffin has made a collection of shoes—a museum of *chaussons de danse*—which have belonged to all the celebrities of the opera. In this museum are the chaussons of Pauline Léroux, Taligoni, Fitajames, Elssler, Dumilâtre, Guy Stéphan, Carlotta Grisi, Maria Plunkett, Fuoco, Cerito, Bagdanoff, Rosati, Ferraris, Beretta, Couqui, Zina Mérante, Livry, Marie Petipa, as well as those of many less distinguished dancers.

Of all the characters most impudently assumed at the opera are those of journalists. The Florentines, Gautiers, Jules Janins, Roqueplans, Saint-Victors, Saint-Valrys, Alberic seconds, Chadeuils, and Bertrands, are all well-known in the green-room of the opera, and are friendly with all parties—the administration and the artists. "But how many sham directors, editors, and contributors," says M. Nérée-Desarbres, "have prsented themselves in my study! Nay, it may," he says, "be pronounced as an aphorism that 'any man who declares himself to be a journalist, tells a story; so also of the man who has engraved on his card 'Piquoisean, homme de lettres,' or 'Beaufour, dramatic author.'"

M. Nérée-Desarbres argues that the prices of places are not dearer at the Opera than elsewhere, considering the expenses and the price of things generally, or the comparative value of money. The greatest receipts ever made at the Opera were on the 18th Prarial, in the year IV., when they attained the enormous sum of 1,071,351 francs. A single box let for 9,000 francs. The performances included "*Iphigenie en Tauride*," the ballet of "*Psyche*," and a "Hymn to Victory." But the currency was in the greenbacks of the day; and as, very shortly afterward, 100 livres in assignats only fetched three sous seven deniers, the actual amount taken was only about 1,800 francs. The Opera was opened gratuitously on 6th Pluviôse, An XI., "de par et pour le peuple en réjouissance de la mort des tyrans."

The production of a new opera, in five acts, entails an average expense of 100,000 francs. "*Pierre de Médicis*" cost 130,000 francs; "*Armide*," 140,000 francs. The expenses of every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday amount to 11,500 francs.

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.—The words on which this deservedly popular song is founded appear in the *Percy Anecdotes*; the music is partly taken from "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*" by Cimarosa, and the Irish air of "The last Rose of Summer." Mr. Purday published them, in combination, previous to Mr. Mori. The legal proceedings referred to were as follows:—Mr. Murray, the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, was nominally the plaintiff, the real one being Mr. Robertson, his publisher; Mr. Collard and Mr. Addison were security for the costs. The trial, which lasted three days (Jan. 13, 16, 17, 1834) took place at the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Denman; the Attorney-General Sir John Campbell was the leading counsel for the plaintiff, and Sir James Scarlett for the defendant. The asserted method of examination of Tom Cooke is a pure invention; Sir J. C. proposed such an exhibition, but it was overruled by the judge. A full report of the trial appeared in *The Times* and *Morning Herald* of Jan. 14, 17, 18. It is also appended, in detail, in the still copyright edition of the song published by C. H. Purday, Marlborough-street, Regent-street, to which is also appended the ancient version of the same. Many years ago, I copied what I now annex from a newspaper, the name of which I do not recollect. It clearly refers to the same matter as in the account given by your correspondent; and, as it would seem to me, is more likely to be correct:—

"At a trial in the Court of King's Bench (June, 1833), between certain publishing Tweedledums and Tweedledees, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of "The Old English Gentleman" (an old English air, by the bye), T. Cooke was subpœnaed as a witness. On cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, that learned counsel rather flippantly said: 'Now, Sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean, Sir?' Tom promptly answered: 'I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent.' Sir James: 'What is musical accent?' Cooke: 'My terms are a guinea a lesson, Sir' [a loud laugh]. Sir James [rather ruffled]: 'Don't mind your terms here—I ask you what is musical accent? Can you see it?' Cooke: 'No.' Sir James: 'Can you feel it?' Cooke: 'A musician can' [great laughter]. Sir James [very angrily]: 'Now pray, Sir, don't beat about the bush; but tell his Lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about it, the meaning of what you call accent.' Cooke: 'Accent in music is a stress laid on a particular note—as you would lay a stress on any given word, for the purpose of being better understood. If I were to say, You are an *ass*, it rests on *ass*; but were I to say, *You* are an ass, it rests on *you* Sir James.' Reiterated shouts of laughter by the whole Court, in which the Bench joined, followed this repartee. Silence being obtained, Lord Denman, the judge, with much seeming gravity, accosted the chop-fallen Counsel: 'Are you satisfied, Sir James?' Sir James (deep *red* as he naturally was, to use poor Jack Reeves's word) had become *Scarlett* in more than name, and in a great huff said: 'The witness may go down.'"—*Notes and Queries.*

Provincial.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.]

MANCHESTER.

Dec. 8th.

At the FREE TRADE HALL on Thursday last the second of the choral concerts of Mr. Charles Hallé's series was given, the principals being Miss Banks, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Thomas. By a reference to the program it will be seen that the first part of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous selection of sacred music, and that the second part was entirely occupied by Gounod's grand mass, performed for the first time in Manchester:—

Overture, "*Athalie*" ..... *Mendelssohn*
Quartet, "Take heed, watch and pray" (*Immanuel*) .... *Leslie*
Miss Banks, Mrs. Brooke, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. L. Thomas.
Sacred Song, "Nazareth" ..... *Gounod*
Mr. L. Thomas.
(With chorus of bass voices.)
Recit. and Air, "Farewell, ye limpid springs" (*Jephtha*) *Händel*
Miss Banks.
Air, "Ere infancy's bud" (*Joseph*) ..... *Méhul*
Mr. W. H. Cummings.
The 42nd Psalm, for Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra,
"As the hart pants" (first time). ..... *Mendelssohn*
The Solos by Miss Banks, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Slater, Mr. Archer, and Mr. L. Thomas.
Grand "Messe Solennelle," for Solo, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ, in G (first time) ..... *Gounod*
The Solos by Miss Banks, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. L. Thomas.

The music of the first part, though all beautiful, was sadly too monotonous, being all of the smooth, essentially devotional, cast. The contrast of a piece or two of more spirit-stirring character would have been of great service. For example, after the touching "Farewell" of Jephtha's daughter, came "Ere infancy's bud," a sweet melody, but tame in character; then, in "As the hart pants," which immediately followed, the three first movements are all of the quiet order, and we have nothing of the *animato* till the first chorus. We venture to suggest that if what may be termed the first section of this part had ended with one of Händel's glorious choruses the relief would have been great, and Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm would have gained by the contrast. The overture to "*Athalie*" with its choral subject, was an excellent opening; the two harps, one on each side of the conductor's desk, besides bearing the part effectively, gave the orchestra a picturesque appearance. The quartet from Leslie's "*Immanuel*" was well sung by the principals with the addition of Mrs. Brooke. As the conductor's chair and desk completely fills the centre of the platform in front of the orchestra, the four singers stood huddled together on one side of it. This has a very bad look from the audience part of the hall. Even solo singers cannot occupy the centre, and must be partially seen by a portion of the audience. If the platform were advanced a few feet forwards so as to give room for the principal singers to occupy their proper position, it would be a great improvement. Mr. Thomas with his sonorous bass voice, gave good effect to the song from "*Nazareth*," by Gounod, the basses of the chorus joining in with the principal subjects. Miss Banks sang the recitative and air from "*Jephtha*," and her sweet voice well suited the tone of humble resignation. English singers of sacred music are afraid of using the dramatic too much, yet we cannot help thinking that anguish and utter despair are the feelings to be conveyed, and these the fair vocalist hardly realised. In Mendelssohn's anthem, the first chorus, "As the hart pants," was well given, the four parts well balanced; its massive and solemn character even in the subdued passages had a powerful effect on the feelings. The other two choruses are more animated in character, each containing at the words "Trust thou in God" the identical phrase which in "*Elijah*," speaks out as "Baal, we cry to thee." The latter of these movements made a spirited termination to the first part. The production of the "*Grande Messe Solennelle*," by Gounod, for the first time in Manchester, was quite a musical event, and both Mr. Hallé's subscribers and the public owe him a debt of gratitude for his enterprise. To speak of the mass on a first hearing is scarcely possible. A careful perusal of the score and a second performance is absolutely necessary, and both of these we hope to enjoy. The chief impression was that the instrumentation was excellent and in many parts original. In the opening *Kyrie* we noticed some beautiful choral effects, especially towards the close. In the *Gloria* the band parts were beautiful, and the two harps had an excellent effect; the soli and trio parts, too, contrasted well with the loud and spirited chorus. "*Quoniam tu solus*" is a chorus in the strict style,

with remarkable instrumentation. The opening of the *Credo* is also a chorus of a grand character, in which the brass is freely used. The "*Et incarnatus et resurrexit*" and the "*Sanctus*," are all replete with beauties of varied kind. The "*Domine salvum fac*," which forms a kind of coda to the Mass, is given first with the voices alone, and in the second and third strains with band and organ. There is no doubt but that this work of Gounod's was very successful; the attention it received, and the applause bestowed, were not to be mistaken. A repetition of it, we feel confident, would give general satisfaction. ——PRINCE'S THEATRE.—*Dot*, in the "*Cricket on the Hearth*," is still drawing large houses, and the dress circle is nightly filled by some of the first families. The part of *Caleb Plummer*, by J. L. Toole, is spoken of as one of the finest pieces of acting ever witnessed in Manchester. The snow scene, with the remarkable effect of light, is very striking. This play will draw for some time yet, for the people are going to see it again and again. In the "*Area Belle*" we have the comic veteran Paul Bedford, who has lost none of his power of pleasing.—— At the QUEEN'S THEATRE last week "*Belphegor*," and the "*Deal Boatman*" were the pieces. Mr. F. B. Egan was excellent in the first piece as the rugged yet kind-hearted showman. The scene in which he and his young son, though tired and travel-worn, exert themselves to entertain the court foplings is most touching. In the "*Deal Boatman*," Mr. Seymour shows that though he is all-powerful to make his audience laugh he can also make them weep.

BRISTOL.

A change of performances is announced at Mr. Thiodon's exhibition at the ASSEMBLY-ROOMS, PRINCE'S STREET. The celebrated Tyrolese minstrels have been engaged, and a new scenic performance, representing the opening of the Clifton Suspension Bridge, forms a novel and at the same time *apropos* feature for the program. ——At the CHAMPS ELYSEES CIRCUS Mr. Ginnett announces two grand gala entertainments, for which extraordinary preparations are being made, in honour and celebration of the opening of Clifton Suspension Bridge.——Mr. P. J. Smith's Christmas oratorios are announced to take place at the VICTORIA ROOMS on Friday, the 23rd, and Monday, 26th inst. "*Elijah*" and the "*Creation*" are the oratorios selected.——The choir of Clifton College, numbering about fifty, and composed of the pupils and some of the masters, will give a concert to their friends on Tuesday, December 20. Admission will be by cards, and invitations issued in the same manner as at Rugby School Concerts.——At THE THEATRE, Madame Celeste's impersonation of the *Woman in Red* has proved so successful that it is to be repeated during the remainder of her engagement, with the exception of this evening, when the celebrated Adelphi drama, "*The Green Bushes*," is to be performed. "*The Streets of Bristol*" will be reproduced on Monday next, and will doubtless maintain possession of the stage till it has to give place to the pantomime, the subject of which we hear will be the well-known tale of "*Blue Beard*."

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

SIR,—It is impossible to please everybody. Even your correspondent, who egotistically signs himself "Truth" (without much regard for that virtue), must acknowledge that criticism at the best is but a matter of individual opinion. Now this Mr. "Truth," having denounced my criticism as a "scurrilous and illnatured attack" upon Mr. Chute, it is due to you as well as myself to prove the falsehood of his charge. The first part of your correspondent's letter, referring to the "crowded" houses and the character of the scenery, is merely a reiteration of what I said in my first notice. But when he adds that the company is "as good as one could desire," I can only conclude that, like many other fools, he is easily pleased. Let any *impartial* playgoer of Bristol give a verdict on the question—"Is not our present company the worst we have ever had here?" and that verdict will be a most emphatic affirmative. Indeed it is an acknowledged fact. The very persons your correspondent mentions acknowledges it, and if he had stuck to "truth" instead of personal ill-feeling, he would have acknowledged it himself. Having been intimately connected with the stage for many years, both before and behind the scenes, I am perfectly competent to judge of the merits of a company, and I think my practical experience as an actor and as a critic may possibly be equal to that of your pseudonymous correspondent. I am not aware that I said a word against Mr. Stirling's acting; on the contrary, you will find that I strongly commended it. But then Mr. Stirling was a "star," not a member of the company characterized as indifferents. Mr. Fosbrooke *has* been a favourite for some years, but as a *second*, not a *first* low comedian, and without wishing to injure him, I may safely say we have had better. The fact of a song being encored, is no criterion of its merits. I repeat that the gross personality in "*The Streets of Bristol*" is scandalous. The audience encore the singer and not the words. But there are fools enough in any audience to insist upon a repitition of what a sensible man would treat with disgust—especially among the encore-loving Bristolians. "Truth" may be one of these. I respect Mr. Chute as much as ever your correspondent does, but I respect the drama still more; and if imperfections are to be glossed over because a manager is gentlemanly and agreeable in private life, then the drama will soon go to the dogs. If you, Sir, wish to receive *notices* and not *criticisms* from me, my task will be a very much lighter one. But I will dare to say that such flunkeyism would injure the reputation of your valuable journal far more than any honest, however severe, critiques, which can be substantiated by public opinion.

YOUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENT.

Bristol, Dec. 7, 1864.

[The discussion must terminate here.—ED.]

BATH.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

SIR,—Your correspondent wrote what was perfectly correct concerning the Bristol company. Any company seems to do for Bristol, but Mr. Chute (the manager) finds that not the case at Bath, for the people at Bath know a good company from a bad one, which the Bristol people seem not to; for the theatre is never half full, and how can it be wondered at, with such an indifferent company? It is useless getting "stars" if they cannot be properly supported. Apologising for taking up so much space in your invaluable journal, I am, sir, yours obediently,

I enclose my card. C. N. D. V.

Dec. 6th.

DUBLIN.

DEC. 7TH.

The first concert of the season of the "Phils," as we familiarly term the Philharmonic Society, took place on Monday evening last; for which Mdlle. Enequist, Miss W. Hodges, Mr. R. Smith, and Mr. Coates, were engaged as vocalists, and Mr. Charles Hallé as pianist. The program was:—

Sinfonia in C minor ..... *Beethoven*
Air, "Honour and arms" ..... *Handel*
Mr. Smith.
Two Swedish Songs { "Gotland's visa" / "Polska frar Dalarne" }
Mdlle. Enequist.
Concerto in C, Pianoforte ..... *Beethoven*
Mr. Charles Hallé.
Song, "Merrily over the snow" ..... *Schloesser*
Miss Hodges.
Ballad, "Wear this flower" ..... *Macfarren*
Mr. Coates.
Solos, Pianoforte { Gavottes and Musettes (in D and G minor) ..... *Bach* / Rondo brillante, "Il moto continuo" *Weber* }
Overture, "*Anacreon*" ..... *Cherubini*
Ballad, "The sailor's grave" ..... *Joseph Robinson*
Mr. Smith.
Song, "Sing, birdie, sing" ..... *Wilhelm Ganz*
Mdlle. Enequist.
Duetto, "Parigi o Cara" ..... *Verdi*
Mdlle. Enequist and Mr. Coates.
Solos, Pianoforte { Nocturne in F / Grand Polonaise in A flat } ..... *Chopin*
Mr. Charles Hallé.
Serenade, "The last good night" ..... *Harpitt*
Mr. Coates.
Valse ..... *Venzano*
Mdlle. Enequist.
Overture, "*Le Nozze di Figaro*" ..... *Mozart*

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Wodehouse attended the concert. The glorious C minor was capitally played, the band consisting again of resident performers only—with one exception, Signor Ragazzuoli, who being at the Curragh with his Regiment, was engaged as oboe performer, and a most efficient one he proved, as all his points were given with the skill of an experienced instrumentalist and musician—the andante was blameless, Herr Elsner's cello coming out as usual to the delight of all lovers of the classical in music; altogether the "Phils" may hold up their heads at the performance of this most difficult work. The band is remarkably strong in some points, fagotto and violincello in particular, and with a little filling in here and there, no doubt the perfertion required would be arrived at. Cherubini's sumptuous "*Anacreon*," which brought forth recollections of the old Anacreontic Soceity, deserves much praise, the first violins in the rapid scale passages telling crisply and well. Some members of the Anacreontic, the Right Hon. Lord Clonbrock amongst others, were present, evidently enjoying the familiar sounds of one of the favourite overtures of their once flourishing society. "*Figaro*" was chosen as a "play out," and was successful. Several of the audience not very ceremoniously left before their Excellencies, a fact not calculated to make an impression in favour of "Irish politeness." Of Mr. Charles Hallé's performance it is quite unnecessary to speak, his merits being familiar to all your readers. However, it is no harm to give an opinion. viz.: perhaps no pianist on earth could interpret the concerto in C (the collossal work of the giant) with more perfection in all its points, extreme difficulties accomplished with high artistic repose, and in the andante the classic truthfulness of the phrasing baffling criticism. The orchestral accompaniments, amounting in themselves to a symphony, were carefully and correctly given. The precision and equality of touch exhibited by Mr. Hallé in the "*Moto Continuo*" are in reality wonderful, and form a grand example for students of the instrument. It is needless to say that all the pianoforte pieces were listened to with extreme delight and marked attention by every member of the audience. There is nothing to call for special remark in the vocal department; only one fact must be recorded, viz., if any soprano vocalist will promise not to sing "Sing, birdie, sing," and Venzano's waltz any more, she will receive a deputation from a numerous portion of professionals here, and perhaps a piece of plate. The instrumental portion of the program held the sway, which should always be the case in a society constituted as the Philharmonic. Mr. Bussell conducted with his usual efficiency. The rumour of the death of Lord Carlisle spread through the room duriag the evening, and caused an universal feeling of regret.—— "*The Colleen Bawn*" was played at the THEATRE ROYAL on Monday evening, to a crowded house, and with as much effect as on its first representation. The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault is likely to continue with increased success up to Christmas.——The Misses Nelson are still at the QUEEN'S.

GLASGOW.

Nov. 30th.

The production of "*Elijah*," by a society numbering about five hundred members, not a few of whom are themselves more than average musicians, and under the bâton of an artist not a machine, was matter of interest to all concerned in music. The principals were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Carrodus, and Messrs. W. H. Cummings and Lewis Thomas. The latter gentleman filled the rôle of *Elijah*, in the room of Mr. Santley, whose engagements stood in the way of his coming to us. The *Elijah*, par excellence (Mr. Weiss), could not be had, and we had to be satisfied with a very tame reading of the "prophet of fire." The opening of the work, in *Elijah's* recitative, "As God the Lord," lacked the nerve and dignity so essential to the part. The accompaniment for brass was raw and lacking in effect. The overture, however, was a feature of the performance. The crispness and careful phrasing of the strings, together with delicacy of expression throughout the entire orchestra, successfully interpreted the spirit of this number, and the retardando of the concluding bar introduced the chorus, "Help, Lord," with absolutely thrilling effect. The tenors made a very good attack upon the frugal subject of this chorus, and were answered thinly by the sopranos. The Choral Union only require coolness and careful attention on their own part to make all their leads like many of them, which were excellent. The *pp.*, introduced on the words "Will then the Lord," was not sufficiently delicate, and drowned the neat, detached accompaniment of the strings. With the return to the original subject an improvement was effected, and the chorus closed impressively. The choral recitative following was confused until the steady lead of the altos set the chorus on its feet again. Even Rudersdorff's splendid singing was not sufficient to make the duet and chorus "Zion spreadeth her hands" satisfactory. The chorus was off its balance, the delicate orchestral figure was inaudible, and the conductor's bâton was uncertain; a feeling of blasé carelessness ran through this movement. The recitative, "Ye people rend your hearts," and the succeeding air, discovered Mr. W. H. Cummings to be a good singer, with an excellent voice. In "Yet doth the Lord" there was another weak attack, but the chorus was spiritedly declaimed, and the chorale occurring

in this movement was remarkable for breadth of tone and elevated musical feeling. "His mercies on thousands fall," C major, was well sung, but the elegant figure for the violin was completely lost. In the double quartet Rudersdorff was poorly supported. More than once the other parts were unduly hurried; want of rehearsal was the natural inference pointed out. The famous duet for *Elijah* and the *Widow* was badly opened by the orchestra, which had, in the course of the movement, to be dragged up to Rudersdorff's tempo by the lady herself. One rehearsal ought to have obviated such a display. Rudersdorff of course sung magnificently. Her opening recitative "What have I to do with thee?" was brimful of defiance, which melted into the most touching pathos in the invocation to *Elijah*, "Help me, man of God, my son is sick." Although Mr. Thomas lacks depth of feeling, yet his calm, graceful singing was in fine contrast to Rudersdorff's impassioned declamation. The conclusion of this duet was full of jubilant feeling which was heightened by the smooth, graceful singing of the chorus in the next number; but we were disappointed in not hearing the violoncello in the important part scored for it in this chorus. In the "Baal" music Rudersdorff had little or nothing to do, and the principal feature was the chorus. There was much that was careful and polished in Thomas's work, but rugged force was more fitted for the part. The conduct of the chorus manifested an intelligent appreciation of their work and the dramatic nature of it, which put a heart into their clamorous invocations. Their precision, boldness of attack, and mass of tune were overwhelming at times. "The fire descends from heaven" was an exception, arising from want of attention. This chorus afterwards went well, and concluded with the most wonderful *pp.* we ever heard. Mr. Thomas woke up in the Handelian air "Is not his word like a fire?" That wonderful piece of writing assigned to *Elijah*, the Youth, and chorus was excellently rendered. The *crescendo* commencing on the words "Behold a little cloud" was worked up with skill, until it reached a climax of intensity by the entry of the chorus (bass) with immense tone, "Thanks be to God." The concluding chorus of the first part was the most finished concerted performance of the week. Both chorus and orchestra attacked their points vigorously and with confidence. The strings had a chance for their lives also. The enthusiasm of the audience overleaped all consideration of oratorio etiquette, and loud applause followed. With the second part we shall be brief, and only notice of Rudersdorff her wonderful reading of "Hear, ye Israel," the "allegro" of which was sung with amazing force. The great contralto song occurring here, we are compelled to speak unfavourably of Miss Carrodus, who, on former occasions, has given us entire satisfaction. Her singing throughout "*Elijah*" was miserably tame, almost slovenly; and "Rest in the Lord" was bungled by her singing the leading theme of the song as it occurs after the part in E minor in place of as it stands in the first four bars! "Then shall the Righteous" was better altogether than Mr. Cummings's earlier numbers. Mr. Thomas also showed an improvement in "It is enough." We certainly heard the violoncelli here as Mendelssohn intended they should be heard. The delightful terzetto, "Lift thine eyes," was very poor indeed; the second alto sang out of tune, from timidity apparently. Of the chorus we could say great things. They were affective alike in the pastoral chorus, "The watching over Israel," with a fine crisp accompaniment for the violins, and in such choruses as "Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire." As a piece of choral declamation, unequalled in our experience, we would mention the chorus, "Behold, God the Lord passeth by." The singing of the tenors was most commendable. In the development of the stretto the chorus was wonderfully effective, and the orchestral figure was beautifully brought out in the latter portion of this movement. Of the concluding chorus we have only to remark its steadiness and volume, both alike admirable. Concerning one or two little mistakes, we have deemed it best not to notice them, as they were the result of a degree of carelessness which might have seriously affected the concert, and we feel sure, such will not readily occur again at the Glasgow Choral Union concerts. As affecting Mr. Lambeth, the conductor, the general effect of "*Elijah*" proved him to be a musician of the highest order. The oratorio was handled judiciously, with every regard to poetic conception and free from pedantry. But many little things occurred at the concert which could never have occurred under many a less gifted conductor. We observed something decidedly lax in Mr. Lambeth's bâton.

EDINBURGH.

DEC. 7th.

It is somewhat painful to reflect that Edinburgh, the capital of the northern kingdom, and the great Scottish centre in arts and literature, does not take the lead in the article of music. Since the days of Finlay Dun we have decidedly fallen back in this respect. In choral performances both Glasgow and Aberdeen are far ahead of us. This state of things is all the more to be deplored when it is considered that there are at present in Edinburgh a number of excellent choral societies, though none of them is strong enough to give independent performances. Could the strength of these societies be united, we would have a choral force strong enough for the public performance of great musical works. This union, however, has hitherto proved unattainable. We have lost musical status; Glasgow looks down upon us, Aberdeen counts us as grass, even Dundee twits us. In a musical contest with these towns, Edinburgh would be defeated as Scotland was at Falkirk—from a want of unanimity among the "leaders." A taste for the high class of music, however, is again reviving here, and strenuous efforts are being made to organise a society for the efficient performance of the works of the great masters. The prospectus of the Edinburgh Philharmonic Society was issued last week, and subscription lists are now open. Of this society the Lord Provost is president; and among the office-bearers are a number of influential names. There are directors ordinary and extraordinary, treasurers, secretaries, &c., &c. Mr. John Hullah is engaged as conductor; everything is arranged in the proper and approved manner, and all that is now wanted is money. But it would seem, from the letters appearing almost daily in the *Scotsman*, that this little want will not be easily supplied, as the proposed terms for admission to each concert (half-a-guinea) are supposed to be too high for even the middle classes here. The progress of the "Philharmonic" will be noticed in future letters from time to time. On Saturday Herr von Wasielewski gave a morning concert of classical music in the Hoptoun Rooms, for the benefit of the Society for the Relief of Distressed Foreigners. The principal performance was Beethoven's grand trio in B flat major for piano, violin, and violoncello, which was given in a brilliant and tasteful manner, and was cordially received by an appreciative and full audience. On the morning of the same day a concert was given in the Freemasons' Hall by the Drechsler-Hamilton Family, the program of which is subjoined:—

Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—1st movement Op. 1, No. 3 ..... *Beethoven*
Mr. A. Hamilton. Miss Bertha, and Mr. Carl.

Song, "The tear" (by desire) ..... *Kücken*
Mrs. Howard.

Solo, Violin, "Variations du Concert sur un Thème original" ..... *Ferdinand David*
Miss Emmy.

Quartet, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Op. 76 .. *Haydn*
1. Allegro con spirito—2. Adagio—3. Minuetto—4. Allegro.
Miss Bertha, Miss Emmy, Mr. Carl, and Mr. A. Hamilton.

Fantasie, Violoncello, "Sur un Thème de Robert le Diable et un Thème de Molique" ..... *Kummer*
Mr. Carl.

Valse, "Voli il Piede" ..... *Virginia Gabriel*
Mrs. Howard.

Solo Violin, "Souvenirs de Bellini" ..... *Artot*
Miss Bertha.

Ballad, "The last rose of summer"
Mrs. Howard.

Duet Concertant, Two Violins, Op. 83..... *Kalliwoda*
Miss Bertha and Miss Emmy.

The Drechsler-Hamiltons are now in their native country gradually rising to that high rank as musicians which they have for some time held in Germany. "Infant prodigies" are generally dreadful bores, and their performances are suggestive of an early and often renewed acquaintance with a cherishing parent's cane, as the dancing of bears is of hot plates. But the charming concerts given by the youthful performers already named (the eldest is only fifteen), are pleasant without alloy. They are rapidly improving in tone, brilliancy, and precision. This concert gave the greatest satisfaction, and called forth the frequent plaudits of the audience, which was as large as the size of the hall permitted.

DUNDEE.—Last week Mr. Talbot appeared as the jealous Moor in the exacting tragedy of "*Othello.*" Whether it is that, like all true actors he improves upon acquaintance, or whether it be the more stirring nature of the tragedy which acts as a climax to the performances on the previous evenings, we hardly care to inquire; but the fact is that, from the commencement to the end, we were all through better satisfied with Mr. Talbot's acting than on the previous evenings. The last act was splendidly done; and it seemed to us as if Mr. Talbot had been slightly reserving himself for it for a short time before. He was called before the curtain at the close and was rapturously received. Mr. Alexander supported him as *Iago*, in a very superior manner for a provincial theatre. He was called before the curtain and received a hearty reception. The satisfaction of the audience with the performances as a whole may be inferred from the persistent demand for *Desdemona* and *Cassio*—Miss Mortimer and Mr. E. D. Lyons. The applause which greeted the double entrance was exceedingly hearty. Miss Mortimer, as we the other day observed, excels in the sentimental and pathetic, and her loving, patient, suffering *Desdemona* captivated all by its naturalness and simple, womanly pathos. She has earned for herself a high place in the estimation of all who attend the theatre; and her acting and reception last night prove that she is quite able to retain it. Mr. Lyons's *Cassio* was very well done—his tipsy scene causing the house to shake with laughter. Mrs. Lyons as *Emilia* displayed herself and her sex to the utmost advantage. Mr. Elliott as *Roderigo* did not put the leading parts to shame. Mr. Campbell made a most imposing *Duke*, and seems well fitted for all such parts from his distinct and deliberate utterance, and his "heavy father" presence.

REVIEWS.

[LAMBORN, COCK & Co.]

"*Viva Rossini.*" Duetto. The words by the Hon. Mrs. ADOLPHUS CAPEL. The music by the Hon. CATHERINE HARRIET MAYNARD.

The duet is, as the title-page informs us, published for the author and dedicated to "Il gran maestro Signor G. Rossini." In the course of the duet Rossini is called "the king of song," "the king of hearts," "the monarch of sound," "the ruler of souls," "the great and good," and finally "crowned by angels." We doubt whether Rossini will feel complimented by such adulation. The music is extremely flimsy, an oft-recurring simple phrase is harmonised in thirds and sixths; the rest is for the most part either in unison or octaves.

[CHAPPELL & Co.]

"*The Guards' Song.*" Written by HENRY FARNIE. Composed by D. GODFREY, Grenadier Guards.

The popular melody of the "Guards' Waltz" has been wedded to words, and will doubtless become the regimental song in time to come. The second subject in B flat andante is very vocal.

[FOSTER & KING.]

"*Mary Lee.*" Irish Ballad. Written by JOHN DUGGAN, Esq. Composed by WILLIAM CHARLES LEVEY.

This is a very charming ballad. The words are tender and sweet, and we hope soon to see other productions from Mr. J. Duggan's happy pen. Mr. Levey has fully sustained his reputation in this Irish ballad.

[JOHN MURRAY.]

"*The Music of the most Ancient Nations, particularly of the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hebrews; with special reference to recent discoveries in Western Asia, and in Egypt.*" By CARL ENGEL.

Mr. Engel's work is the most valuable addition to the history of music that we have had for a long time. The author has for many years devoted his attention to the peculiar characteristics of the music of both civilized and barbarous nations, and was thence led to the study of that of the most ancient nations, and the result is the present work, which while it contains much that is new and valuable to the educated and scientific musician, combined with great information for the antiquary and Oriental scholar, is as interesting to the general reader as a sensation novel. The music and musical instruments of the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hebrews, are chiefly treated on, but in illustrating these the author refers to almost every known nation; and with the aid of the monuments in the British Museum pours such a flood of light on his subject, that with respect to the Assyrians in particular, the reader is almost on an equal footing with the concert *habitué* of thousands of years ago, while the manufacture of their instruments is as vividly depicted as that of a pianoforte at Broadwood's at the present day. As a specimen of the quiet manner in which the author occasionally disposes of a *vexata quæstio*, we extract the following:—

"There can scarcely be a doubt that the Egyptians, like the Greeks, possessed written dissertations on the theory of music. But it may well be doubted whether from any such work, had it been preserved, we could

have obtained so accurate an insight into the character of the Egyptian music as the various representations of the performances afford. Not only the form and construction of the instruments have thus become more familiar to us than they would have been from mere description, but we are also enabled to ascertain how the instruments were usually combined so as to form small bands or orchestras. With some of these we have already become acquainted through the previous engravings. One of them, for instance, exhibits a concert of performers on the harp, tamboura, lyre, double pipe, and tambourine. Another shows us a group of females with different kinds of instruments of percussion, evidently accompanying their vocal performances by the rhythmical sounds of tambourines and of the darrabukkeh—like Miriam the prophetess, when she and the women of Israel went out in procession, exulting over the destruction of Pharaoh's host.

"The combination of two stringed instruments, the harp and tamboura, with the double pipe, is suitable for compositions of a sentimental character, in which the pipe probably sustained the melody, while the stringed instruments accompanied, with a primitive kind of harmony, such as has been described in the chapter on Assyrian musical performances.

"If any further proofs were required to confute the opinion usually expressed by musical historians that the performances of the Egyptians were always in unison, these small bands might afford them. In one of them a harp with ten strings, and a tamboura on which at least ten times as many intervals must have been producible, occur in union with a lyre of only five strings. Other representations show combinations similarly suggestive that the performance of a melody in unison, as well as in what is called *unison in octaves*, was almost impossible."

After this, we think it will be difficult to deny that the Egyptians must have had some acquaintance with harmony.

We hope shortly to return to Mr. Engel's work, and in the meantime would recommend it most cordially to the attention of our readers.

[SHAW & Co.]

"*Psalms and Hymns for the Services of the Church of England.*" By the Rev. CHARLES KEMBLE, M.A., Rector of Bath. The music selected, arranged, and partly composed by S. S. WESLEY.

Dr. Wesley has endeavoured to confine his selection of tunes for Mr. Kemble's book to such standard compositions as are qualified by long usage and simplicity for congregational singing, and the harmonies are in most cases easy of execution, though classical and effective. The book contains one hundred and fifty tunes, each of which, as the pages are cut through the centre, may be brought over any of the Psalms and Hymns. This feature, originated by Mr. Surman in his "London Psalmist," is doubtless very convenient, but practically we have found that children, and even their elders, have a perverse habit of "turning over a wrong leaf." We can, however, commend this work to all who are content with a limited number of good tunes, adapted to a copious collection of Psalms and Hymns.

Music.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The program of last Saturday's concert, was as follows:—

Symphony in G minor ..... *Haydn*
Aria, "M'Appari," *(Marta)* ..... *Flotow*
Mr. Charles Adams.
Aria, "Kommt ein Schlanker Bursh," *(Freischütz)* .... *Weber*
Mdlle. Liebhart.
Overture, "Die Waldnymphe" ..... *W. Sterndale Bennett*
Song, "Good bye, sweetheart" ..... *Hatton*
Mr. Charles Adams.
The Guards' Waltz, "Perché non vieni ancora" .... *Bevignani*
Mdlle. Liebhart.
Fantasia for the Clarinet ..... *Kalliwoda*
Mr. Pape.
Duet, "E il sol dell' anima," *(Rigoletto)* ..... *Verdi*
Mdlle. Liebhart and Mr. Charles Adams.
Overture, *(Leonora, No. 3)* ..... *Beethoven*

The symphony, which is the only composition which Haydn wrote in the key of G minor, is, we believe, one of the least known of the works of this great master. It was played for the first time at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and was listened to with much interest. Mr. Sterndale Bennett's overture which has been commended by Schumann for "its tenderness and delicacy, and for the pure, bright poetic feeling which breathes in every bar," was performed in a manner which could not fail to satisfy even the most critical. The vocal portion of the program was sustained by Mr. Charles Adams and Mdlle. Liebbart. The former was very successful in "*M'Appari*" from "*Marta*," but in the popular ballad "Good bye, sweetheart" he failed to make any impression. Mdlle. Liebhart was encored in the "Guards' Waltz." The program for the next concert includes Spohr's symphony descriptive of the seasons, a selection from "*Athalie*," the overture of "*Der Freischütz*" and "A calm sea and prosperous voyage."

CROYDON.—The Croydon Sacred Harmonic Society gave a concert on Thursday last, at the New Public Hall, when Mendelssohn's "*Athalie*" was performed, together with a miscellaneous selection from Händel, Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. The vocalists engaged were Miss Spiller, Miss Palmer, Miss Norman, and Mr. Lawler. The whole performance reflected great credit on all concerned, and the society may be considered to have fully established a claim to public support. For this it is indebted both to the exertions of its members, and to the high musical attainments of the conductor, Mr. John Rhodes, who has spared no pains to bring the society to its present pitch of excellence. We would suggest that, unless a first-rate elocutionist can be procured, it would be as well to omit the "Dialogue" from the performance of "*Athalie*," retaining it in the printed programs, if thought necessary to carry on the story. The hall was crowded by a fashionable audience, who were lavish in their marks of approval.

FETE AT ALDERSHOTT.—On Friday last week an Officers' Grand Ball came off at Aldershott, in the North Camp. The splendid band of the 83rd Regiment attended, and performed the following program:—

Quadrille, "Vis a Vis" ..... *Clarke*
Valse, "Sweet Dreams" ..... *Clarke*
Lancers, "English" ..... *Larrent*
Galop, "The London Season" ..... *Onslow*
Valse, "Mazeppa" ..... *Clarke*
Quadrille, "Harvest Home" ..... *Coote*
Galop, "The Witches' Own" ..... *Clarke*
Lancers ..... *Coote*
Valse, "The Singing Birds" ..... *Clarke*
Quadrille, "Avon" ..... *Wallerstein*
Galop, "The British Cheer" ..... *Clarke*
Valse, "Sweet Spirit" ..... *Clarke*
Lancers, "Somebody's Luggage" ..... *Coote*
Quadrille, "The Gipsy Girl" ..... *Clarke*
Galop, "Midnight" ..... *Onslow*
Valse, "Cara Regina" ..... *Clarke*
Lancers, "Original" ..... *Hart*
Galop, "The Night Bell" ..... *Clarke*
Valse, "The Sleeping Queen" ..... *Clarke*
Galop, "The Witches' Own" ..... *Clarke*

The following program was performed at luncheon:—

Overture, "Semiramide" ..... *Rossini*
Valse, "Sweet Spirit" ..... *Clarke*
Selection, "Faust" ..... *Gounod*
Ballet Selection, "Fairy Bells" ..... *Clarke*
Fantasia, "Pre Aux Clere's" ..... *Hérold*
Galop, "The Witches' Own" ..... *Clarke*

The camp was crowded by a brilliant assemblage, and the musical arrangements under the well-known Mr. J. P. Clarke, were, as usual, first-rate. The Officers' Dramatic Corps selected for representation on the opening nights of the second season of theatricals at the Club House "*London Assurance*" and "*The Goose with the Golden Eggs.*" The general acting throughout the piece was good, and several of the characters were represented with remarkable appreciation. Mr. Percy DuCane (Scots Greys), as *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, was most polished. The manner in which Capt. Twynam portrayed the attorney hungering after a "case" as if it was the very acme of bliss and prosperity was decidedly clever, and the never-failing spirit which he evinced in the part secured for him great applause. The curtain fell amid great applause, and had to be raised in answer to the demonstrations of the audience, which the performers acknowledged. "The farce of *The Goose with the Golden Eggs*" was not only amusing in itself but was thoroughly well played in every part. The cast was as follows:—*Mr. Turby*, Capt. Twynam, D.A.Q.M.G.; *Flickster*, Mr. Wilmer (85th Regiment); *Bonser*, Capt. Cumming (59th Regiment); *1st Man*, Mr. Pelly (Scots Greys); *2nd Man*, Mr. Sandford (Scots Greys); *Mrs. Turby*, Mrs. Jones; *Clara*, Miss Eburne; *Maid*, Miss Allen. The orchestra was almost wholly composed of some of the gentlemen known as "The Wandering Minstrels" (there being a few of the bandsmen of the 75th Regiment also present), and it would have been difficult indeed to have surpassed their instrumentation either for correctness or brilliancy. The musical performances were repeatedly applauded, and there is no doubt that they added much to the attraction and pleasure of the evening.

EXETER HALL.—In order to afford the numerous country visitors to the Cattle Show an opportunity of hearing Händel's master-piece, Mr. Martin gave a special performance of the "*Messiah*," at very cheap prices, on Wednesday last. The principal singers were Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Leffler, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The first subscription concert of the fifth season of the National Choral Society will take place on Wednesday next, when Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*" will be performed.

FINSBURY CHAPEL, CITY.—On Wednesday last, December 7th, 1864, a choral festival took place on behalf of the City of London Ragged School. A large number of tonic sol-fa pupils formed the choir, which was conducted by Mr. J. Sarll. The program was divided into two parts, sacred and secular. In the first part the "*Gloria*" from Mozart's "Twelfth Service" was given effectively; and a sweet little piece, entitled "No night shall be in Heaven," was most pleasingly sung. The audience, however, seemed more thoroughly to enjoy the second part, and rapturously applauded all the trifles with la, la, la, burdens, "Bells are ringing," to the pretty Scotch air "Caller Herrin';" Sir Hy. Bishop's glee, "Sleep, gentle Lady;" and the "Blue bells of Scotland," charmingly arranged by Neithardt, were severally well performed. Martini's glee, "Don't tickle me, I pray," which was entrusted to a select few, was spoilt; the "few" were either incapable, or very diffident, for certainly their performance was a most miserable one. The conductor would have done well to have let the full choir take this piece, it is worthy of good treatment; by the way, we think the change of words no improvement. Much credit is due to the singers for the careful manner with which some of the pia and forte passages were rendered, and for their general attention to the bâton of their able conductor. Miss Stirling presided at the organ. The chapel was well filled, and we have no doubt the affair will prove a financial success. One word and we have done; if the authorities of the place will either make the chapel smaller, or make the organ larger, they will confer a favour on us, as we shall then be able to listen to an organ performance at Finsbury Chapel with pleasure.

PENTON HALL, PENTONVILLE.—On Tuesday last, December 6th, 1864, a miscellaneous entertainment was given by the St. James's Glee Union, conducted by Mr. A. Beckett, and assisted by a numerous staff of amateurs, *alias* artistes. The bills of the evening announced the first of a series of people's concerts, but verily the musical taste of the folks at Pentonville must be at a very enormous discount if such concerts (?) can be appreciated and patronised. We only stayed till the end of the first part, for the boisterous choruses, shouted out spasmodically, about a dozen times to each comic (?) song, proved too much for us; indeed, we were nearly overpowered by the vulgar, noisy refrain of that street ditty, "The sewing machine."

"For I nearly lost my heart,
Oh, I wish I never had seen
That dark young girl,
With her hair in curl,
That works at the sewing machine."

This refrain was so persistently bawled that towards the end the audience seemed to vie with each other as to who could make the most noise, and at the close it was a perfect din. The one pleasing feature we have to notice is the singing of Miss Mabel Brent. She was most successful in Ganz's ballad, "Sing, Birdie, sing," and was encored enthusiastically; this is a proof that good singing will meet with approval from the people. Mr. Seymour was the pianist. The Hall was moderately full. If these entertainments are to be continued with success the vulgar comic element must be entirely dispensed with.

MANOR ROOMS, HACKNEY.—The success of the Monday Popular Concerts has induced Mr. Ebenezer Prout, Professor of the Piano at the Crystal Palace School of Art, to project a similar series in this suburban concert-room. The first was given on Tuesday, November 22nd, and they will be continued every alternate Tuesday during the present month, and January, 1865. At the second concert on Tuesday last (6th inst.) the following program was performed:—

Quartet in E flat, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello ..... *E. Prout*
Messrs. Amor, Betjemann, Burnett, and E. Howell.
Song, "The Bellringer" ..... *Wallace*
Mr. A. Howell.
Pianoforte Solo, Fantasia on Halévy's *Charles VI.* .... *S. Heller*
Scena, "Softly falls the voice of Evening," *(Der Freischütz)* ..... *Weber*
Miss Annette Hirst.
Sonata in D (Op. 58), for Piano and Violoncello .. *Mendelssohn*
Mr. E. Prout and Mr. E. Howell.
Violin Solo, Fantasia on *(La fille du Regiment)* ..... *Sainton*
Song, "Forget-me-not" ..... *Mozart*
Grand Trio in B flat (Op. 97), for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello ..... *Beethoven*
Messrs. E. Prout, Betjemann, and E. Howell.

The quartet by Mr. Prout with which the concert commenced, gained the first prize offered by the Society of British Musicians in 1862. It is a most creditable composition, abounding in exquisite melodies which, from their graceful simplicity and well defined form, remind us strongly of Haydn. Notwithstanding a slight slip in the fourth movement, *presto con molto fuoco*, it was excellently performed. The sparkling *scherzo allegro*, which forms the third movement, was redemanded, and Mr. Prout was called on to the platform at the termination of the quartet. The

Sonata by Mendelssohn, and the grand trio by Beethoven are already well known to our readers; it only remains to say that ample justice was done to them by Messrs. Prout, Betjemann, and Howell. The violin fantasia on "*La fille du Regiment*," capitally played by Mr. Betjemann, created quite a *furore*; and Mr. Prout's masterly performance of the fantasia on Halévy's opera, "*Charles VI.*," was warmly applauded. We are sorry we cannot speak so highly of the vocal portion of the program; the ornaments which Mr. A. Howell endeavoured to introduce in the last verse of the "Bell-ringer," were totally beyond his power, though the opening verse was creditable. Miss Annette Hirst did not achieve any great success in either of her songs; her powerful soprano voice would be far more pleasant if she would endeavour to sing more softly and abstain from making grimaces. On the whole, however, the concert was a perfect success, and the room was well filled. At the next concert, which will take place on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, Schubert's quintet in A (op. 114), for piano, violin, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso, will be performed for the first time in England. We hope that Mr. Prout will receive the support which his spirited enterprise so richly deserves.

THE PHILHARMONIC, ISLINGTON.—The Cattle Show week, and the fact of its being held in the vicinity of the Philharmonic, is sure to have a profitable effect on its exchequer. On Monday night last it was very full, our country cousins, of course, being well represented. The entertainment seemed to give general satisfaction, and so we think it ought, for Messrs. Turnham and Adams have apparently spared no expense to secure first-rate talent for their country and town patrons. In the comic department, which as everywhere else, prevails to a very large extent, we have George Buckstone and Harry Sidney, who gave his "A. B. C.," with additions and alterations to suit the times, and was, *of course*, encored, to which he responded, although labouring under the effects of a very severe cold. The glee, "The Halt of the Caravan," with solo, trio, and chorus, elicited the applause of the more musical portion of the audience, as also did Miss Grace Armytage's rendering of Claribel's ballad, "Won't you tell me why, Robin?" Then we had Miss Annie Adams, who sang *five* songs, and was literally getting hoarse. When will the public desist from so many encores? Mr. Dalton and Miss Lizzie Harris, the contralto, did their best to please, although it is no enviable position to follow so great a favourite. Miss Caroline Parkes retains the reputation she has gained as a favourite of this establishment. Mr. George Allen, the musical director, under whose bâton a selection from Auber's "*Masaniello*" was most effectively given, sang "Since we were boys together" and "Afloat on the Ocean," and was most rapturously applauded, which showed the high estimation in which this gentleman is held by the *habitués* of the Philharmonic. The "nigger" element is not forgotten by any means. A gentleman of the name of Lindsay represents this department, and delights the audience with his very clever negro dances and songs. The Minnie-ha-ha or fairy fountain, by Professor Sylvester, is the most beautiful we have yet seen of the kind. While the fountain is playing, a variety of coloured lights are thrown on it from the ceiling, and concludes with a "curtain of fire" on a smaller scale than at the Canterbury. The Brothers Ozmond and Nemo, French clowns and anti-spiritualists, as well as a host of others, show the diversity of the program offered to the public, and which certainly merits success for the proprietors.

ST. ANDREW'S, WELLS STREET.—When the history of the Church revival that has marked the last thirty years comes to be written (says the *John Bull*), it will be acknowledged that the church of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, has borne no small share in the movement. During the incumbency of the Rev. B. Webb some important improvements have been carried out in the church, the chief of which is a considerable addition to the organ, which in its re-arranged state was used for the first time on the feast of St. Andrew. Under the direction of Mr. Barnby, the organist of the church, this instrument, built by Messrs. Hill in 1846 on an experimental plan, and added to subsequently, in a manner almost as experimental and altogether as unsuccessful, has been put into admirable order. It now consists of three manuals, and comprises the many improvements for which Messrs. Hill, to whom has been assigned the task of re-casting it, are renowned. The tone is thoroughly good. The festival commenced at Evensong on Tuesday. The service was Garrett's in F, the anthem, "Now we are ambassadors," followed by the chorus, "How lovely are the messengers," from Mendelssohn's "*St. Paul*." On Wednesday there was an early celebration at 8·30. At 11 the services were Matins, Litany, and Celebration. The choir was largely augmented. Matins were sung by the Rev. T. Helmore. The responses were from Tallis, the service, by Mendelssohn in A, a truly grand composition, well known as a tribute paid by the great master to the English cathedral service. The anthem was an adaptation from Beethoven's famous Mass in C. The Litany was sung by the Rev. F. A. Stanley. The introit, a hymn from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," though appropriate to the day, in a musical point of view was quite unequal to the occasion. The music for the Communion Office was the adaptation of Gounod's Mass, which was made for the use of St. Andrew's by the Rev. W. G. Longdon, now Warden of St. Columba's College. Mr. Longdon by this skilful work has done a real service to the English Church, which is not very rich in music for the highest act of worship. Gounod's composition is admirably suited for a grand celebration. It is remarkable for happy combination of unisonous and harmonized effects, and its careful attention to expression brings out prominently the teaching conveyed in the words sang. The former of these points was entirely overlooked, the latter rarely attended to, in older compositions. The Kyrie, half in unison, the other half harmonized, is the simplest portion; the "Creed," which opens in unison, the grandest. The "Sanctus" contains a bass air of great beauty. It is to be regretted that some portion of this Mass has not been adopted for the Offertory. Sir W. Cope's "God is not unrighteous," however excellent in its way, rather broke into the uniformity of the music at this service. At Evensong, the service was Macfarren in E, the first anthem—"Behold a great multitude" from Spohr; the second, before the "Grace," Mozart's motett "Deus tibi laus." The preacher was the Rev. Dr. Goulborn. We are bound to speak in the highest terms of the performance of all the music. Mr. Barnby not only played well, but his choir showed plainly that great pains had been taken in their training. In our opinion the best trebles in London are to be heard at St. Andrew's. Not only had the elaborate and difficult anthems and services been well worked up, but great care had been bestowed upon less showy portions of the services. Some beautiful effects were noticeable in the versicles and Litany. At 2.30 p.m. there was a luncheon admirably served, at the Burlington, in Regent-street, under the presidency of that staunch friend of St. Andrew's, Mr. Beresford Hope. The Rev. B. Webb, in returning thanks for his health, said that though still an advocate of Gregorian music, where such a choir as that of St. Andrew's was unattainable, he must express in warm terms his appreciation of the services of the choir, for which they were poorly remunerated, though he hoped their salaries might be soon increased. Mr. Barnby, on behalf of the choir, said that it was a pleasure to work with such clergymen as those who were at St. Andrew's.

ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE BALL.—It has been observed by one of those profound philosophers who are ever sagaciously tracking the effect to the cause that, under the influence of certain vehement emotions, more especially those of a pleasant description, all men are, and always have been, natural, spontaneous, and involuntary dancers. With the very pleasant emotion which is associated with the consciousness of rendering ready assistance to those in need of a helping hand, it is but natural that this tendency should find a strong expression among the supporters of that excellent institution at Maybury which is devoted to the care of the aged performer in the days of adversity. The annual full-dress ball in aid of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College, which took place on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall, is not only one of the pleasantest gatherings of the kind, but the enjoyment of those who participate in the hilarity of the occasion is increased by the reflection that in securing their own happiness they ensure an addition to the comforts of others who have devoted their existence to enlivening heavy hours. The attendance last evening was more than usually indicative of the earnest sympathy of those who understand and appreciate the truly benevolent purpose to which the profits of the ball are devoted. About five hundred visitors were present, amongst whom were many faces familiar to the footlights. As admission could only be gained by vouchers obtained from the stewards, the company had the advantage of being exceedingly select as well as numerous. The aspect of gaiety that the brilliant ball-room wore when the morning of a new day was some two hours old would encourage a belief that the lively strains of Messrs. Coote and Tinney's inspiriting band must have mingled their echoes with the first roar of the awakening city's traffic. Those who only retired with the advancing dawn doubtless had in their procrastinated dreams a pleasant fancy of scattering gleams of sunlight over the shadowed path of aged actors and actresses who turn a grateful eye to the source of the cheering rays; and let us hope these will be among the dreams which will be hereafter spoken of as strikingly fulfilled.

AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7th.—The performances of the last two weeks have been "*Don Giovanni*," "*Lucrezia Borgia*," "*Rigoletto*," "*Il Trovatore*," "*Il Poliuto*" (twice), "*Faust*" (twice), and "*Martha*," at evening and matinée representations. The most effective was probably that of the weakest opera in the list, "*Poliuto*"—the weakest, if we take into consideration what might have been done with the subject, and how little Donizetti and his librettist have done; still there remain many dramatic moments, which can be brought out strongly into relief, when a highly dramatic artist, such as is Mdme. Carozzi-Zucchi, undertakes the character of *Paolina*. Beautiful, a careful actress, often carried by enthusiasm to a height of dramatic power that her good taste always prevents her from overstepping, possessing a powerful and pleasing voice of tolerable execution, and less touched in its freshness and steadiness than might be expected in an exponent of passionate music, no longer in the prime of youth, Mdme. Zucchi is undoubtedly the most satisfactory prima donna who has appeared on the Italian operatic stage here for some years. As *Donna Anna* also, she displayed an unhoped-for appreciation of this noble character; unhoped-for, we say, for in fact, it is so above the comprehension of ordinary Italian prima donnas, and has been so barbarously murdered here, that New York audiences in general have got into the habit of looking on "poor" *Donna Anna* as a sort of supernumerary mourner, and are utterly ignorant of the sublime beauties, calling for as sublime a donna to express them, contained in the rôle; while audiences in particular have given up the hope of seeing this fine character represented as it should be.

As *Lucrezia* and *Leonora*, Mdme. Zucchi was less effective with the public, because more self-concentrated in her expression of these characters; still, she showed herself a thinking, as well as a gifted artist. Signor Massimiliana is—there is no disguising the patent fact—a most unsatisfactory first tenor; the tone of his voice, not an uncommonly powerful one, is compressed and covered; his articulation is indistinct, and his style unfinished. As an actor he is too often cold and embarrassed, and his appearance and manner are not imposing. These deficiencies in the premier have made Lotti's thread-like tenor and uniform conception of parts appear to better advantage and meet with more favour than they did last season. With the exception of the fine baritone, Bellini, and of course, Miss Kellogg, the whole company is far behind Mdme. Zucchi. The contralto, Mdlle. Morensi, needs to acquire more dramatic animation, if she would follow up the advantages which her pleasing voice and appearance give her. The second contralto, Miss Gebele, a new German singer, needs vastly more cultivation; while Susini's once fine organ is growing woolly in quality of tone, and unmanageable. Miss Kellogg, in "*Faust*," in "*Martha*," and as *Zerlina*, has renewed her old successes. Mrs. Van Zandt, who has been favourably known as a concert singer during the past two years, made her début on Friday evening, as *Gilda* in Verdi's "*Rigoletto*." This lady, whose appearance is very prepossessing, is the owner of a light soprano voice, which she has cultivated to good purpose, under the guidance of Signor Abella. On the evening of her début, fright partially paralyzed her efforts at first, but towards the end of the opera she became more herself. Future performances will no doubt place her among the first of American sopranı. The so-called "first season" is now over; the winter season is to commence on the 14th November. We are again *promised (?)* by the management Donizetti's "*Don Sebastian*," and Auber's new arrangement of his "*Fra Diavolo*," but not a word of the more important works which were promised at the opening, to wit: "*Les Huguenots*," "*Le Prophète*," "*Mireille*" and "*La Forza del Destino*." When will the patience of operatic subscribers at last wear out?

[ADVT.] The number of patients relieved at the Hospital for Diseases of the Heart, 67, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, was 164 during the week.

"THE ORCHESTRA" PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE PROPRIETORS of *The Orchestra* beg to announce the following Prize Competition, open to all under the conditions stated below:—

I. £10 for the best Pianoforte Piece; which may be an air with variations—a fantasia—caprice—or fugitive composition in any form. Introduced melodies must be non-copyright or copyright of Cramer and Co.

II. £10 for the best setting (voice and piano) of the following words:—

THE REEFER'S SONG.

I.

Far away! far away, on the billow—
As I wander I think of my home,
When unrest hovers o'er my lone pillow,
And the winds lash the waters to foam!
O call it not weary repining,
If I sigh for the old meadow lea,
But my heart's ever landward inclining,
—The home of my childhood for me!

II.

Up aloft! up aloft—swiftly climbing—
As I hasten to trim the white sail,
Then methinks sounds of home sweetly chi ming,
Come soft on my ear through the g.e!
As I pause in my task, just to listen,
Homeward stray my rapt thoughts o'er the main,
And my eyes with glad tears fondly glisten;
O when shall I see thee again!

III. £10 for the best setting (voice and piano) of the following words:—

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

I.

They tell us of climes where when Autumn is o'er,
And the last faded leaflet is dead in the bow'rs,
Ere cometh old Winter with coronal hoar,
The Summer returns with a hand full of flow'rs.
O, sweet as the mem'ry of friends that have pass'd,
And rare as the essence that's breathed in a sigh,
These Summer days fondle the Winter's cold blast,
And smile yet again ere their Suns set and die.

II.

And so when the summer of lifetime is gone,
And dull Winter scatters his white on the brow,
And mellow'd the light in the bright eye that shone,
O Summer comes back, as it comes to the bough.
It brings us the lilies and roses of youth,
And hangs them in memories over life's shrine,
Though Winter may wither and kill in its ruth,
The heart still shall blossom—its flow'rs are divine.

IV. £10 for the best Set of Waltzes (original subjects).

V. £10 for the best Galop (original subjects).

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. The MSS. submitted must be entirely original.

2. The prize competitions to be the property of the prize givers.

3. All MSS. to be sent in on or before February 1st, 1865.

4. No competitor to send in more than one MS. for any one prize, although he may compete for all the five.

MODE OF TRANSMITTING MSS.

Competitors are particularly requested to send in their MSS. as follows:—Transmit the music per book-post, inscribing on the first page "Prize Competition" and a motto—but no name; by same mail transmit a sealed envelope containing name and address, and having the same motto on the outside that is marked on the music. The MS. and its corresponding envelope (enclosed in another) to be addressed "Editor of *The Orchestra*, 201, Regent Street, London, W." The envelopes of successful competitors only, will be opened in the first instance. Unsuccessful competitors may have their MSS. punctually returned on forwarding a stamp for postage, and mentioning the mottos on their compositions.

ADJUDICATORS.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as adjudicators:—

I. *For the Vocal Music:*
M. W. BALFE, Esq.

II. *For the Pianoforte Piece:*
JULES BENEDICT, Esq.

III. *For the Dance Music:*
ALFRED MELLON, Esq.

The receipt of MSS. will be duly acknowledged in *The Orchestra*, and the awards will be made as soon as possible after the 1st of February next.

Any further information required may be learned by addressing the Editor.

201, Regent Street, Dec. 9, 1864.

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A. COPPER-GILT. Any more libretto just now might give you a relapse. *Resta tranquil.*

BEATHA. Mr. Balfe's present address is 50, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris.

X. (R.A.) You had better see the Secretary.

*** Held over. Analytical notice of Hatton's "*Rose, or Love's Ransom*," and some reviews.

The Orchestra:

A REVIEW OF MUSIC & THE DRAMA.

All communications to the EDITOR to be addressed 201, Regent-street, London, W.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1864.

Madame Lagrua still causes great enthusiasm at Naples.

Donato, we beg leave to announce to English mammas, is a married man.

"*Roland à Roncevaux*" continues in the highest favour at Paris. It was performed three times last week at the Imperial Opera.

Herr Volckmar, of Homburg, organ composer, has received the Ducal Saxon Medal for Art and Science from the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha.

Mdme. Harriers-Wippern is expected at Berlin; she will make her first appearance as *Alice* in "*Robert le Diable.*" Severini also will give some performances there shortly.

M. Gounod has signed a contract with the director of the Opera Comique, binding himself to produce a work for the season of 1865-6.

The opera at Dresden is becoming very classic: since the performance of the "*Œdipus Rex*," which was mentioned in our last number, the "*Œdipus Coloneus*" and "*Antijone*" have been given.

The late tour of the Grisi-Mario-Sainton-Dolby party has been such a tremendous success, that, as we hear, another is being arranged for the beginning of the year, with the same principals.

Miss Fanny Armytage made her first appearance in Exeter Hall, under Mr. Martin's direction, on Wednesday last, and created a great impression by her artistic singing in "*The Messiah.*"

Miss Susan Galton, the new *prima donna*, whose successful *début* at Her Majesty's we notice in another column, has nearly attained the mature age of sixteen years.

Mr. J. G. Patey has appeared this week in Mr. Harrison's cast at Her Majesty's; singing *Valentin* in "*Faust*," and *Rodolph* in "*Sonnambula*," both without rehearsal. But Mr. Patey is a quick study, and a good artist, and did both parts well.

Mr. Vincent Wallace's overture to "*Lurline*" was played last Sunday, at Paris, by Pasdeloup's splendid orchestra at the Cirque Napoléon, and created quite a sensation. Musicians who were present, speak rapturously of its effect.

Mr. Charles Adams's engagement for the present season at Covent Garden is over, and he returns to the Continent with the good wishes of a host of friends, whom his unaffected modesty and genuine talent have gathered round him in England.

The Vienna papers are full of the proposed decorations of the new opera house. The box-panels are to be painted with scenes from the "*Zauberflöte.*" Everything is to be on the most costly and tasteful scale.

The pleasing cantata, "*King Christmas*," which was produced with great success at the Oxford, will, we understand be revived this season. The music is composed by Herr Meyer Lütz, and the libretto by Mr. Litchfield Moseley.

Rumour is busy concerning a dispute through which Mr. Vining may vacate the managerial throne of the Princess's at the close of the year. Rumour is obstinate in asserting that the cause of war is that Mr. Vining has produced "*The Streets of London*," contrary to a certain stipulation.

The sisters Marchisio have re-appeared in Paris, in "*Norma.*" Mdlle. Carlotta, who filled the *Fitelrolle*, was compelled, by indisposition, to retire after the second act; and the rest of the evening was occupied by a miscellaneous selection of favourite pieces.

We are told by the artists who sang at the recent performance of the "*Elijah*" at Glasgow, that the band and chorus were wonderfully perfect—second, in fact, only to such orchestras and choruses as Manchester and Birmingham can turn out. Let Glasgow flourish!

Mr. John Brougham is engaged in writing an equestrian spectacle for Miss Adah Isaacs Menken. It is no longer true that Miss Menken is going to Paris, though arrangements to that effect were at one time almost concluded with a Parisian manager. Miss Menken, after the close of the year, will undertake a provincial starring tour, and will proceed to Paris later in the spring.

A minute Commodore, twenty-nine inches high, and a very small young lady named Miss Minnie Warren, sister of Mrs. General Thumb, will give a reception next week. Commodore Nutt is reported to be a bachelor, and Miss Warren is still in her teens. She is five inches shorter than the gallant officer by whom she is accompanied.

Mdlle. Artôt is still enchanting the Viennese; she is to perform ten times this month, receiving 1000 francs for each performance. She is to have the honour of appearing with Wachtel, and Mdlles. Wildauer and Bettelheim—at the first concert in the Imperial apartments, which takes place on the seventh, *chez* Her Imperial Royal Highness Mdme. the Archduchess Sophia.

A Parisian paper speaks eulogistically, and somewhat mysteriously, of a "young tenor, endowed with a very pretty voice, and a remarkable musical organisation. One year will be devoted to developing, by serious application, these precious qualities, and to carrying out his theatrical education, after which it will be possible to judge if he is fit to appear on our first lyric stage."

Miss Robertine Henderson had a capital benefit, Friday last week, at the Gallery of Illustration, and sang charmingly. For the occasion Balfe's "*Sleeping Queen*" was performed, and the *beneficiaire* sang the music allotted to the giddy young *Queen* to our complete satisfaction. Mr. Ralph Wilkinson, who had been at death's door with typhoid fever, was well enough, we were glad to see, to resume his old part of the *Regent*.

It is feared that Frl. Wildauer will leave the stage, in consequence of the undeserved outrage which she recently suffered at Vienna. Should this be the case, the operatic stage will have sustained a most severe loss. There is, however, some hope that the lady has not quite decided on this course, although she has not appeared since the incident. As we notice elsewhere, Frl. Wildauer has been invited to sing at the first concert of the season at the Imperial palace.

A German paper says that when Lachner was in Vienna, a common friend took him to the Director Salvi, in order to introduce him; the director, after keeping them waiting a quarter of an hour, sent word that he had no desire to make Herr Lachner's acquaintance. The German papers are constantly publishing twaddle of this sort, and often very disagreeable twaddle. The chances are, of course, that the story is wholly false: but supposing it true, who cares to read such stuff?

Joseph Gung'l has resigned his appointment of bandmaster in an Austrian regiment—and takes the leadership of a civil orchestra at Munich. The colonel and officers of his regiment presented him with a handsome silver cup, bearing the inscription—"The officers of the 23rd (Baron Airoldi's) Regiment of Infantry to their bandmaster, Joseph Gung'l." At his farewell concert on Nov. 23rd not an officer was missing; and the enthusiastic expressions of applause and regard which were bestowed must have been most gratifying to the distinguished musician.

The Concordia Choir, under the the direction of Mr. W. Volckman, gave a performance of Mendelssohn's "*Athalie*" at the Bay-street Rooms, Kingsland, on Wednesday evening last. The band and chorus, numbering about 200 performers, were thoroughly efficient and well up in their work. Smart's "*Bride of Dunkerron*" is announced for the next concert. May we suggest to the conductor that it would be as well to give the performance at St. James's Hall or the Hanover-square Rooms? We are certain that he would be well supported.

THE FOOD OF HATE.

That pitiful deeds can only be sung by pitiful poets is perhaps the reason why no HOMER has chanted the American struggle. Wild and inharmonious war songs have now and again been borne to us from across the ocean; ravings from the music-shops as well as tirades from the pulpits urging the necessity of fraternal throat-cutting; but we could never recognise the sweet voice of a poet among all the sounds. Names there always were appended to the versified objurgations—names generally three in number with the second marked by an initial, after the manner of Yankee godfathers and godmothers in their baptism. We heard of GEORGE F. ROOT, and the Rev. L. C. COCKWOOD, and "the celebrated composer AUGUSTUS COLL." But somehow the great names of America were absent from the list of frantic fanatics, who murdered the poetry and music of their land in furtherance of the design to murder their brethren. We never heard of a HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW attempting anything like a Battle Cry of Freedom.

Therefore we were content to regard this lyrical rubbish, with which New York music-publishing shops overflow, as the fungi of a too ripe civilisation, analogous in point of worth to our "Organ-Grinders" and "Camden Towns," and as little fit seriously to represent the musical taste of the nation. What then is our surprise to find what we fancied the scum and scouring of American taste defended by a respectable journal as the "mirror of the nation's virtues!" It is the New York *Musical Review and World* which thus gravely trumpets the praise of its bellicose songwriters. "If we go over the many songs," says the New York journal, "which have been written in relation to the war since its first outbreak, we find again a justification of the old truth, that the songs of a nation are a mirror of its virtues as well as its shortcomings. But in this instance we can even go a step farther, and safely say, that the songs give us the history of the war itself. In fact, all the phases through which this dreadful struggle has gone so far, are duly represented in the songs, as they have been published from time to time; there is not an event, whether political or on the battle field, which does not find its echo in them; there is not an accident, not a scene, which has not been illustrated by the poet as well as the composer, thus producing an historical painting, in which the smallest details are brought to light with the most vivid colouring. In this respect these songs will be a very valuable source of information to the future historian of this war, and if for no other reason than this, we consider ourselves justified in giving a complete list of these songs, as far as is possible for us to obtain."

The future historian of the war will derive great gratification, we opine, from such inspiring strains, as

> "Yes we'll rally round the flag, boys, rally round again
> Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!"

But we are less ready to accept the *Musical Review's* other statement that "there is not an event, whether political or on the battle field, which has not found an echo" in these songs. We fancy there *have* occurred two or three little—shall we say Retreats? of the Northern armies, and here and there a small—shall we remark Repulse? suffered by the Northern cause, which have *not* found the lyrical echo. Of the political echoes we can form no judgment; but if such triumphs of arms as the capture of the FLORIDA and such triumphs of intellect as the jokes of ABRAHAM LINCOLN are immediately photographed in the music-shops, we fear rather an alarming picture gallery awaits the "future historian."

Says the *Review* with a gravity which would be comic were it not terrible—"It is this phase of the war which has found its most eloquent illustrators; and if anything, it is this fact, which reflects great honor and credit upon us as a nation." Well, there is nothing like holy satisfaction in perpetrating unholy deeds. The Italian brigand who goes to confession after cutting a throat is doubtless happier in his mind than the villain who does not combine murder and religion. "Where the family ties appear in such bright and honorable light, as in most of the songs published during the last two years, there is surely a hope for a successful end of our trouble and of a bright future. Where motherhood, the source of all that is pure and good in this world, is constantly appealed to, there must be strength and moral fortitude in a nation. Who can read all those appeals to mothers, and sisters, and brothers, as from week to week we see them published in the songs, and not be touched by them?" We fancy the publishers: they are hard to touch; abstract mothers and sisters have small effect on them.

But mothers and sisters play an important part in the song-love of America, and the *Review* calls attention to the fact. "It is significant," says he, "that while the war literature of other nations abounds in love-songs, ours is almost exempt from them; and while in the terrible struggle of the French revolution the chief appeal was made to glory and liberty, our soldiers go into battle and do nobly and steadily their duty, evoking the blessings of mothers and sisters." This is certainly a feature, and it speaks volumes in praise of the rowdy-warriors provided by the Bounty-brokers, that they are so tender about domestic ties: your true British cad is less soft on the topic. But then, on the other hand, there is only one country on earth, and that country America, which *can* religiously combine slaughter with sororal affection and murder with maternity. And then on a third hand, the reason that Columbia does not sing like France of glory, may remotely lie in the conviction that she has very little glory to sing about.

But to come to the much-vaunted lyrics, which so strike home to the Yankee heart. We have the authority of the *Review* for stating that "the music of most of these songs is of a very simple character, and the artistic merit exceedingly small." Still they strike home to the heart; there is no doubt of that. Here is a list of the cordial home-strikers:—

"Bear it gently to my mother." G. A. Russell. 30 cents.

"Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling." George F. Root. 35 cents.

"Just before the battle, mother." Ditto. 30 cents.

"Leave me with my mother." (March) Parkhurst. 20 cents.

"Mother, come and see me ere I die." Geo. A. Russell. 30 cents.

"Give this to mother." Stephen C. Foster. 35 cents.

These, which are of a maternal character, represent the most popular description of family bellicosity. Sisters by no means in such brisk demand. Brothers fair. Fathers dull.

"Brother, tell me of the Battle." Geo. F. Root. 30 cents.

"Was my Brother in the battle?" (March) Parkhurst. 20 cents.

"We shall meet you, dearest Brother." J. E. Haynes. 30 cents.

"Come home, Father!" Henry C. Work. 30 cents.

The last words of generals open out a fertile field for the balladeers. There are "Let me die with my face to the foe," the last words of General James C. Price, price 35 cents; and "Lay me down and save the flag," last words of the brave General Mulligan. We hope the requests of both gallant officers were respectively complied with. It is a fortunate circumstance that Yankee generals deliver their last words metrically, in either anapæsts or trochees. This laudable practice must save much trouble to the song-writers.

Here are a few more titles, selected at random. It will be noticed that American ladies are very much in earnest about the war:—

"I will be true to the stars and stripes." Words by Mrs. Kidder.

"Dey said we wouldn't fight." Ditto.

"Rally round your flag, boys." By Fannie Fackrell.

"No slave beneath that starry flag." Words by the Rev. George L. Taylor; music by Mrs. Parkhurst.

"For the dear old flag I die." By Mrs. H. F. Donlevy.

(We sincerely hope Mrs. Donlevy has not fulfilled her prediction.)

"Madmen, spare that flag!" Words by Mrs. Lena Drake.

We can call up in our mind's eye Mrs. Lena Drake. We fancy Mrs. Lena Drake a tall, wiry, angular lady, rather fitted for the lecture-hall than the nursery or drawing-room. We should not like to know Mrs. Lena Drake privately. We should be always in terror of her breaking out.

What we have quoted of titles may serve sufficiently to illustrate the extent of poetical culture in the States, and if we can accept the *Review's* candid confession that the artistic merit of the music to which such verse is set is excessively small, a just appreciation may be obtained of the weapons whereby Yankee hearts are "struck home." There is something fit in these mouthings of commonplace, this ringing of the changes on stars and flags, and mothers and brothers; these platitude counterfeits purporting to be true poetic gold: which is worthy of the theme. A boastful patriotism has boastful singers; a shameful war is recorded in ignoble strains. It is in keeping with the prostitution of glory, courage, perseverance, and self-sacrifice across the Atlantic Ocean, that poetry should be used to promote bad will, and music (reversing what the poet said of it) be turned to the Food of Hate.

THE ART OF BALLAD-WRITING.—No. 3.

Next in importance to the Wardour-street and Horological Schools of song-writing comes the Proverbial School—the school of hard-grained maxims and copy-book moralities, whose unfailing aptitude to bring down the applause of the theatrical gallery has procured for them the name of Clap-trap. In minor theatres these obvious precepts are invaluable: we all know the effect of a line such as

"The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the act of kindness ——"

upon an audience alive to the theory but dead to the practice of rugged virtue. And the effect on drawing-rooms of lyrical platitudes is certainly not less. They are really "so very nice and proper." They are in request at academies for young ladies; indeed they fulfil the exigencies of the boarding-schools which require that young ladies shall be supplied with nothing that savours of love or passion in the remotest degree. The Proverbial School does not treat of love in any other than a general and brotherly sense; it eschews even platonism, as dangerous to some young ladies both in and out of school as the more genuine article. It deals only with the copybooks. "Nil desperandum;" "Cheer boys, cheer;" "Let each man learn to know himself;" "Do the thing that's right;" "Look always on the bright side;" "There's a good time coming boys;" "Never speak of a man as you find him"—which last is a musical hall vulgarity, and might be let alone, but that we see it and its fellows, purporting to be the emanation of the Tupper of music halls, Mr. Harry Sidney, so often in publishers' windows. These songs and such as these represent their class; they are very dreary, their truth is incontrovertible, there is not a grain of novelty of idea or poetry of expression about them, but they are popular. Arabella, guarded by the academic dragon, may take them up and twitter them out among the maps and forms, without the smallest injury accruing to her young heart, when you could not perhaps place Byron or Moore in the hands of Arabella.

The convivial man who assists at the free-and-easy and "promotes the harmony," can oblige the company with nothing more suited to the taste of his audience. At the music halls their success is immense: the gabies who listen take every stale axiom for some previously unknown gospel. Dr. Charles Mackay, when he and Henry Russell brought the Proverbial School into fashion, could hardly have foreseen how much he would have to answer for.

Shall we burlesque it? There is nothing easier, for the sentiment throughout lies in detached aphorisms. There is no care of compilation required, no inductive process; it is all platitude. Let us essay a song of the strictly virtuous kind, one that shall contain nothing to call up a blush to the cheek of the young person. And let us call it "Beauty Commands Esteem" as a short, apt, and metrical copybook title.

I.

The mind that is filled with content
Continually feasts on itself;
The shilling that's honestly spent
Is better than priggable pelf;
A stitch done in time saves nine;
And things aren't all as they seem!
Then vice I will wholly resign—
For Beauty Commands Esteem.

For the option of our philosophic readers we will change the metre of the second verse, and they may take their choice: for, sooth to say, long aphorisms are hard to get into short lines.

II.

Procrastination, we are told,
The thief of time will always be.
And all that glitters is not gold!
Honesty's the best policee.
And punctuality's the soul
Of business; twice two—four I deem;
The part is lesser than the whole;
And Beauty still Commands Esteem.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF ART-LIFE IN LONDON.

Our Bohemian complaineth of a Bucolic and Bovine invasion—He goeth to Evans his Hall—and to the demesne of Weston—and seeth a remarkable Mystery-play.—Which he describeth.

The men of Merrie Islington (writes our own Bohemian) have a busy time of it, and nothing but the conviction that cattle do *not* form an integral component of the art of music, despite Mr. Howard Glover and his pastorality, should prevent me going into the merits of Shorthorns, Leicesters, and Southdowns. But I have no sympathy with Cattle Shows; they spoil the rural repose of Islington; they drag the busses out of their way; they inundate Liverpool Road with vendors of hair-combs and penny walking-sticks; they pollute even Barnsbury Park. The sylvan solitude of the Angel is disturbed; there is no longer a monopoly for the Boxolightsir boys; peace hath departed from the Three Johns. Then the Cattle Show offers temptation to persons of weak moral principle—tempts them to swindle their fellow creatures. Bus conductors are not immaculate, and if a more than usually provincial party attempts a bus and does not know his fare, who shall respond for the conductor's probity? Mr. Paddy Green is not proof against the prevalent looseness of rectitude, which comes with the Cattle Show: a notice at the door of Evans's informs you that during this period the price of admission is doubled. Why doubled? There are more people in town who go to Evans's now than when there is no excitement; Evans's is therefore fuller each night; why then should Mr. Paddy Green, because he gets more money, try to wring still more out of a paying public. Because I am prosperous should I be harder on my fellow men than when I am only middlingly fortunate? It would be nothing if the attractions at Evans's were increased, now that increased pay is asked. Is it: oh, ye immortal three times three, perched high up on the Gradus Ad business, with Apollo tuning away on the apex? is it an attraction to hear Harry Sidney—emblem of stout lugubriosity—sing a dreary commonplace in eight lines (which he has to read from a slip of paper, not even possessing the intellect to learn it off,) about the prize given away that day at the Show? Is *that* sepulchral platitudiniser worth the extra sixpence, with his indifferent eight-six metre, which he infers is his own composition, but does not know how to manage accents when they fall on short syllables? Is Liskard worth it? Well, Liskard is a remarkably clever fellow, and does more with a hat than I ever thought it lay within the capacity of hats to achieve. Liskard can fling up a hat with his hands, kick it up with his foot, jerk it up with his biceps, knock it up with a stick, capsize it, make it revolve over and over again in the air, and compel it in each case to fall naturally on his own head. Added to that he performs in queer ways on various instruments, and is altogether a most practised expert. The choruses are as they were at the end of A.D. 1764; They could hardly be better. The magnificent swell on the L. H. stands as he stood in 1764, and wears the same aristocratic air. Herr Von Joel still plays on the walking-stick, and sings Swiss songs, and bothers you with cigars. There are the same kidneys and hot potatoes; but, thanks to the *Orchestra* and myself, the waiters serve you quickly now, which is an improvement. And the contralti young gentlemen are quite as sweet-voice!, and quite as unhealthy. I often wonder why they look so sickly. I fancy Mr. Harry Sidney must disagree with them.

I have not been to the Strandk Musick Hallk; the truthk beingk that Salak won't gok withk mek. He says it was all very well to write about things from America, when there was nobody to check his crams except the Americans themselves, who are prejudiced parties; but it is a different thing to write about something that everybody may go and see and find him out. So I have deferred, and meanwhile looked in at Weston's to see what was advertised as a Duologue Entertainment of Miss Wentworth and Mr. P. Corri. It was a rare entertainment, and I particularly admired the plot; so much so that I will endeavour to give you an epitome of it, for the benefit of young dramatists. This is it:—

Scene.—*A Swiss chalet; very orthodox; airs on "Lul-lul-liety" from the orchestra.*

[*Enter* Miss Wentworth *as a Swiss peasant. She has a magnificent cerise coloured satin dress, such as is worn by your mountain peasant in Helvetia; and her fingers are laden with rings.*]

Miss W. Ah! dear me, how often I think of my home in Brittany.

Song.—"My Home in Brittany."

Lul-iety-lul-iety—
Tur-riety-tur-riety—
Fal-liety-fal-liety—
Too-a-*ree*—to-roodle-do!

But what step is that? Hah, he comes!

[*Enter* Mr. P. Corri *as the Irish sodger boy. He wears an extremely dirty Militia undress and a charity boy's cap perched on one side of his head. They embrace.*]

Mr. P. C. Arrah wusha, machree!

Miss W. Wa-wa-wa (*indistinctly*).

Mr. P. C. Och, by the powers! (*They embrace again.*) And now I'll sing you about myself.

Song.—The Bowld Sodger Boy."

Miss W. And do you love me?

Mr. P. C. Don't I—faith!

Duet.—On a Few Irish Melodies.

[*At the end of which exit* Mr. Corri *as Pat.*]

Miss W. He is gone. And I—I had learnt to love him!

Song on more Lul-ieties.

[*Enter* Mr. Corri *as a lieutenant of the armies of the French Republic, about* 1791; *gaiters, epaulettes, and turned-back coat-skirts. Another embrace.*]

Young Lieutenant. Wa-wa-wa.

Miss W. Wa-wa-wa-wa. (*More indistinct than ever.*

Duet. Various.

[*Exit* Miss W. *as the Swiss peasant.* Young Lieutenant *kills time till she comes back in a superb green silk dress, click-clack heels to her boots, and a straw hat, trimmed with more than agricultural luxury.*]

Young Lieutenant. Hah! [*Rushes off, and*

re-enters as SERJEANT SULPIZIO, *in the Figlia del Reggimento.*]

SERJ. S. *(grunting.)* Ugh, ugh, ugh! this wound, this wound—a bullet here, sabre gash there—ugh, ugh!

MISS W. My father! um, um, um.

SERJ. S. Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

[*General indistinct dialogue.*]

SERJ. S. But, enough of this. What ho, my boys!

[*March heard. Enter all the band, all the chorus, and all the waiters in the establishment, as the serjeant's regiment.* MISS WENTWORTH *steals away.*]

SOLDIERS. Hurrah!

SERJ. S. Now boys for the song of the regiment!

CHORUS.—"HE WHO WEARS A REGIMENTAL SUIT."

Air copyright.

SERJ. S. (*who in the absence of field officers is in command of the regiment.*) But attention there, my boys, here comes your canteeneer.

[*Enter* MISS WENTWORTH *as the vivandière, whom all the soldiers of course salute: such being one of the rules of the service.*]

MISS W. And now I'll give you the song of the Canteeneer.

SONG AND CHORUS—"THE CANTEENEER."

[*Loud hurroos, mixed with a little brogue. Curtain.*]

This nice thing in musical dramas apparently afforded great gratification to the audience, judging from the applause. As Mrs. Brown observes, "I don't know who wrote the words, but it was a beautiful play." Jackson Haynes, the skater on hard wood, is at Weston's, and his performances are really wonderful. On that stage he manages all the evolutions of a practised skater on the ice. Every now and again you expect to see him tumble in.

THE CONTINENT.

PARIS, Dec. 6th.

M. Bagier seems determined to give us quantity, if not quality. The revival of "*Un Ballo in Maschera*" was succeeded by that of "*Marta*," for the *début* of a new tenor, M. Brignoli, followed by "*Norma*," given for the re-appearance of the sisters (or *sorelle*, if you prefer it) Marchisio, making three new works in six days. The original "*Marta*" was given at our opera in 1843, as a ballet in three acts, by M. de St. Georges, the music of the first act being by M. de Flotow, MM. Burgmüller and Deldevez composing that of acts two and three. This was not M. de Flotow's *coup d'essai*. He had already produced, in partnership with Pilati, the "*Naufrage de la Méduse*," in 1839; "*La Duchesse de Guise*," in 1840, in which Madame Anna de Ingrange, the present prima donna of the Théâtre Italien, made her first appearance. He has also written a "*Stradella*," 1844; "*L'Ame en Peine*," given at the Grand Opéra, in 1846, and played two years later in London under the name of "*Leoline*." "*Marta*," decidedly the best of our composer's operas, was put into its present shape, with a German libretto, and produced at Vienna in 1847. Since then it has been translated into French and Italian, and not only forms part of the *répertoire* of the Salle Ventadour, but, in its French dress, is in rehearsal at the Théâtre Lyrique, and is one of the favourite stock operas in the provinces.

M. de Flotow's talent has often been seriously questioned, and the disciples of Richard Wagner, and strong-minded admirers of the "*Tannhäuser*," speak of his music with the greatest contempt. "*Musiquette*" is the scornful expression specially invented to designate the music of "*Marta*." Notwithstanding all this, I doubt much whether the most hardened follower of the music of the future could be present at a performance of this work without carrying away a very pleasing impression; and, after all, if Flotow's music is more opéra comique than strictly Italian, its no reason for abusing him. "*Tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux*," wrote M. de Voltaire, and certainly, to judge from the effect produced on the mass, "*Marta*" does not count as a source of "*ennui*." The performance was very successful, the "Spinning Wheel" quartet, the "Last Rose of Summer," and the tenor cavatina, being encored. M. Brignoli, who made his *début* in the part of *Lionel*, is not a stranger to the Paris public. Some fifteen years ago he was attached to the troupe of the Rue Lepeletier, and sang "*Amènophis*," in Rossini's "*Moïse*" ("*Mosè in Egitto*") with considerable success. His voice, which of course is not remarkably fresh, is very like Mario's; and he has something of the same style of attacking the notes and phrasing, without, however, absolutely imitating him. He made a favourable impression, and sang the "*Da quel dì*" very well indeed. The other characters were sustained by Mesdames Patti and De Méric-Lablache; MM. Delle Sedie and Scalese. "*Norma*," on the other hand, did not go at all well. Madame Carlotta Marchisio, who played the heroine, besides being in a state of health which scarcely fits her for her artistic duties, was labouring under a severe bronchial affection, which rendered it impossible for her to continue, and a concert was substituted for the second act. M. Antonucci was the *Oroveso*, and M. Sarti, who opened the season in such an unfortunate manner as *The Duke* in "*Rigoletto*," dared again to show his face as the *Roman Proconsul*. At the concert we had M. Delle Sedie, who gave the romance from "*Un Ballo*" and the "*Trovatore*" duet with Madame Charton-Demeur. Mdlle. Barbara Marchisio sang the Rondo Finale of "*La Cenerentola*," and M. Antonucci the bass *aria* from "*Norma*." As I announced in my last, the "Société des Concerts du Conservatoire" commenced proceedings on the 4th, by giving a concert, dedicated to the memory of Meyerbeer. I subjoin the program:

Symphonie en Rè	*Beethoven*
Chœur de Marguerite d'Anjou	*Meyerbeer*
Ouverture du Pardon de Ploërmel (*Dinorah*)	*Meyerbeer*
Air d'Œdipe à Colonne	*Sacchini*
Adagio et Finale du 65me quatuor	*Haydn*
Bénédiction des Poignards des Huguenots	*Meyerbeer*
Marche du Songe d'une nuit d'été	*Mendelssohn*

M. Georges Hainl, *chef d'orchestre de l'opéra*, conducted. The Theatre of the Conservatoire, in which these concerts are given was, as usual, crowded. Beethoven's symphony in D was played with admirable precision, and with a light and shade for which this orchestra is unrivalled. The great effect of the concert was of course the "*Bénédiction des Poignards*." This splendid piece of music had been once executed at the society's concerts during the composer's lifetime. The public at that time received it with anything but favour; maintaining that if they wanted to hear the "*Huguenots*," they could do so at the Opéra, and that these concerts ought to be devoted to the performance of works there was no chance of hearing elsewhere. Yesterday, however, it was received with immense applause, and enthusiastically encored. M. Faure, the only *soliste* engaged, sang Sacchini's fine but tiresome air from "*Œdipe*" in his usual masterly style, and gave the solo of *St. Bris*, in the selection from the "*Huguenots*," with great effect.

At the Opéra "*Moïse*" is announced for to-morrow, Mdlle. Marie Battu making her *rentrée* in the part of *Anaï*, which she played with such success last year when the work was revived. "*Roland*" still draws excellent houses, but the subscribers complain that they hear nothing but that, and that "too much of a good thing," &c. The Théâtre Lyrique announces two new pieces, "*Régaiements d'Amour*" and "*Cousin Babylas*." "*Faust*" is underlined, "for the last time," to-morrow, but it's like the shepherd's cry of "Wolf," nobody believes it. *Quand on ne le jouera plus, on le jouera encore.*

LEIPSIC, Dec. 2nd.

With full readiness to recognise the enterprise of the directors of the Gewandhaus concerts as deserving the highest praise, it may yet be questioned whether three new works in one evening, as was the case in the seventh concert, are not too great a tax upon the audience. The first of these novelties (which, by the way, though new in the Gewandhaus, was written some four years ago) is an old friend in a new dress—Bach's well-known organ Toccata in F major, instrumented by Herr Heinrich Esser of Vienna. The effect is excellent; especially successful is the treatment of the pedal points. It is curious how the sense of life and intellectual strength manifested in Bach's compositions invests them with a charm we should hardly look for in works where sensuous beauty is so frequently absent.

Burgmüller's Symphony, No. 2 in D, which was the second novelty, is but a fragment, the composer, who died in 1836, in his 27th year, having only lived long enough to write three movements, and even a portion of the last of these had to be instrumented by Schumann from the composer's sketches. Burgmüller's life was one of great suffering, and yet, as Dr. Hauptmann says of him, "There is not a trace of anything sickly or morbid to be found in his works. . . . All that he has created is poetically and artistically healthy, has a natural flow, and of the most beautiful proportion and construction. Would that our young, healthy, not talentless composers, who so often fall into assumed despair, and thus would make themselves interesting, would give us anything half so healthy as was produced by one who had to struggle with troubles of so many kinds!" It is difficult to be entirely just to a work which is not heard until nearly 30 years after its composition. This symphony shows how great was the composer's promise; what there is, is good; but Burgmüller had yet to learn that in a long movement contrast of themes is necessary, if monotony is to be avoided; this want is most felt in the first and second movements; in the third, the *Scherzo*, there are life and spirit, and some very happy changes of rhythm; the instrumentation is good in all the movements.

The third novelty was a Concerto (MS.) for the violoncello, by Herr Kapellmeister Reinecke. I had hoped that the scanty *répertoire* of the violoncello would have been enriched by a really valuable work; but it seems as if a fatality attended all who write for that instrument. That the Concerto is musical and elegant is a matter of course, when Reinecke is the composer; but it lacks distinctive features; it is not solid enough for a great musical work, nor brilliant enough for a display piece. The slow movement pleased the most. Herr Grützmacher, formerly first violoncellist in the Gewandhaus, and a master in the Leipsic Conservatorium, but now a member of the Court Orchestra at Dresden, enjoys the reputation of being a brilliant player. Upon the present occasion he seemed to be suffering from indisposition, and hardly did himself justice. In addition to the Concerto, he played a *Nocturno* and *Burlesque* of his own composition; the former is graceful, but too long; the latter is so burlesque that it sometimes exceeds the bounds of good taste; as a display piece, however, it showed what Herr Grützmacher could do in the way of overcoming difficulties.

The singer of the evening, Fräulein Amélie Weber from Strassburg, had but just recovered from severe and long continued indisposition, during which she had entirely lost her voice. Under these circumstances, coupled with the evident nervousness from which she was suffering, it would be unfair to express an opinion as to her powers. The "*Der Freischütz*" overture, with which the concert closed, was a glorious performance. The last part of it was a wonderful example that railroad speed may be combined with perfect clearness of detail.

In the second Gewandhaus Chamber Music Concert, Herr Grützmacher took the place of Herr Lübeck, the other performances being, as usual, the Herren Reinecke (piano), David and Röntgen (violins), and Hermann (tenor). The works selected were Cherubini's Quartett in E

flat, Mendelssohn's Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello in D, and Schubert's Quartett in D minor. The grand Cherubini Quartett at once excited the enthusiasm of the audience, who insisted upon the *Scherzo* being repeated. Full of beauties as is Schubert's Quartet—the slow movement being one of the most touching things he ever wrote—it suffers from its extreme length, a fault which characterises too many of its composer's works; the effect is not felt so much when listening to them, for then the beauty and interest keep the attention alive; but fatigue and exhaustion come when the performance is over.

The fifth Euterpe concert was devoted to chamber music, the performers being the Gebrüder Müller. These gentlemen are the sons of one of the four brothers who years ago enjoyed so high a reputation for the excellence of their *ensemble* playing, and the fine artistic elegance of their reading. The present quartet may be said to have inherited, to a certain extent, the reputation of the elder, but more so in exquisite fineness of *ensemble* than in the very highest musical endowments; the quartet is the strongest in the violoncello and tenor, these instruments being most excellently played. The program consisted of the following quartets: Haydn, D major; Schumann, A minor Op. 41, No. 1; and Beethoven, E flat, Op. 74. In Haydn's quartet the playing was perfect; but in the other a greater amount of warmth was wanted. Schumann's quartet, as is the case with so much of his chamber music, is not enjoyable; the want of clearness, the prevalence of gloom, and the apparent groping for something which never comes, are at length painful. Beethoven's quartet, in itself a work difficult of comprehension, demands higher musical qualifications in its interpreters than were to be found upon the present occasion.

A most remarkable appearance has been that of Herr Satter, a pianist from Vienna, who at the invitation of the directors has played in the Conservatorium. His brilliancy of execution and strength of finger surpass anything I have ever heard. In a transcription of the Tannhauser overture the violin passages, which are difficult enough to play smoothly in single notes, were given by him in octaves; the rendering of the orchestral effects was marvellous. Nor is it only as a player of display pieces that he excels; his interpretation of the pianoforte part of Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor was excellent in every respect. He also possesses the gift of musical extemporising—one now so rarely cultivated. Two themes by Gluck and Weber were given him, and he at once sat down and worked them out so as not only to dazzle by the mechanical brilliancy, but also to astonish the mind by the exceeding cleverness of the work. The highest judges here, who have heard him in private, speak of the extraordinary instinct with which, when playing at sight, he seems at once to grasp the intentions of the composer.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 7th, 1864.

At the Théâtre des Galeries St. Hubert the great fête of the week took place last Thursday evening, when, for the first time, "*La Jeunesse de Mirabeau*" was given. For the description of the piece I take the liberty of quoting the Brussels correspondence of the journal *L'Economie*:—"I will not analyse the piece, and I will not undertake to judge it; such is not my mission; but I can well report to you that the piece has produced a great effect, and that the principal artistes, Mdme. Doche, MM. Laray, Edouard, and Métrême, have been several times recalled. I can only say that the artists have all executed their task with effect. Mdme. Doche is very noble, pathetic, and touching in the rôle of *Sophie Monnier*; M. Laray, a powerful, haughty, and passionate *Mirabeau*, a little too solemn at times, but realising on the whole the type of the illustrious orator. But, apart from the interpretation, I cannot help objecting to the piece, which belongs positively to a school which is unhealthy. There is the same exuberance of devouring passion, bursting out on all occasions like a volcanic eruption; the same exaggeration of feeling, the same cloudy pomp, the same aim at investing with a halo of grandeur things which are in reality neither legitimate nor allowable. I am not an intolerant moralist; I know how to be indulgent to passion, and I willingly agree that the adultery of *Sophie Monnier* is surrounded with a thousand excuses, and crowned by a formidable expiation, but it is an actual adultery, and it was at least useless to raise it to a shining pedestal. A scene in the third act presents *Mirabeau* and *Sophie* in Holland, after their flight, a prey to the horrors of misery. The beautiful and devoted *Sophie* goes out to sell her splendid hair. She returns, the sacrifice being accomplished. "You have sold your hair," cries *Mirabeau*, with a choking voice. Now at this point of the situation which the authors intended to be pathetic, Mdme. Doche happens to have more hair than enough for three ordinary women. It is true that the moment before she had enough hair for seven or eight members of the fair sex. Let us further add that in the moment of supreme misery, *Sophie* has her fingers loaded with rings, and that she holds in her hand a handkerchief worth two hundred francs at least. In selling her petticoats only, she would realise a very nice sum.

Madame Doche has one failing; it is, that she never sacrifices the coquetry of the woman to the exigencies of the part she plays. By this failing she annoyed on Thursday evening many of the audience, who hold that the scenic illusion should be maintained. One of these spectators in question proposed to call the piece "*La Jeunnesse de Mirabeau jouée par la vieillesse de Doche.*" I report the saying, because it is funny, but I do not identify myself with it. Whatever public opinion may be, the success of the work of MM. Langlé and Deslandes has been truly great. All the world of letters, of arts, of aristocracy, crowd to the theatre to see the performance.

At the Théâtre de la Monnaie there is nothing new, save that Madame Zina Merante has made her adieux in an old ballet, "*Terpsychore sur terre,*" and there is rumour of a new danseuse, who will eclipse her two predecessors.

CHURCH MUSIC.

To the Editor of the *Orchestra*.

SIR,—In your number sixty of the 19th of November, there is A TEMPLAR'S complaint against the choir men of St. Paul's, etc. I waited to see some abler pen reply in your last number; this not being done, I beg to offer a few words. I happen to be residing in a cathedral city, and for the last forty years it has boasted of the best voices in the kingdom, and yet the Chapter paid these choir men the alarming sum of 40*l.* per annum; a few years back it was, under pretence of increase, raised to 70*l.*; but for this 70*l.* the poor clerk will have to attend 730 times. Now I will ask Mr. TEMPLAR if he thinks a wife and children can be respectably maintained upon such a sum? TEMPLAR appears to think that solo singers could be found, and paid for Sunday duty only. Well if 100 or even 200 could be found for solo singers for Sundays, how can it be expected that singers will give their attention every day for the great sum of 70*l.* The choir men, either in London or in the country, are occupied in various ways to provide for their families, and consequently their minds are fully set upon that they derive their livings from; therefore, their attention is outside the church. Such things ought not to be, seeing the funds of every cathedral are ample for every purpose, providing they are applied to those purposes the founders intended. Every organist and choir man ought and should be paid sufficient to prevent him seeking a living outside? TEMPLAR is on the right track if he can prevail upon the Chapters of our Cathedrals to pay organists and choir men their just dues; this is the only way to have the attention and energies of the choirs wholly devoted to the service, and TEMPLAR will achieve a great good.—I am, &c., BOX.

THE "STRANGER."

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

SIR,—The friends of a young lady recently come amongst us claim for her a very high position in the theatrical world. As a foreigner, she is entitled to receive every courtesy, and the unanimous verdict of the London press is a proof that she possesses considerable talent. But when she is said to be the best *Mrs. Haller* since the days of Siddons and O'Neil, the remarks of Douglas Jerrold will recur to our recollection:—"In speaking of modern acting, we leave Siddon's entirely out of the question; that sublime genius, like Shakespeare, is above comparison; her impersonations were the highest that the art is capable of reaching. When we therefore say that Miss O'Neil appeared in *Mrs. Haller*—with the recollection of Mrs. Siddons full in the public mind—and sustained the character with the most complete success, what further testimony can be required of her merit?" Whether or not the indiscriminate praise awarded to Mdlle. Beatrice be deserved to its full extent, there can be no doubt that she has given a fine personation of *Mrs. Haller*. I hope the effect will be to stimulate the exertions of our own actresses, and thus show the public that we have every reason to be proud of our native talent. I should like to see the "*Stranger*" at Drury Lane, with Miss H. Faucit as *Mrs. Haller*, Mrs. H. Vezin as the *Countess*, and Miss R. Isaacs as *Annette*. Mr. Phelps's *Stranger* is well known, and with so good a company the other parts can be well cast. It is related as an instance of the extraordinary effect of this drama over the feelings that the late Duke of Wellington was deeply affected at its representation, particularly in the last scene. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons played the *Stranger* and *Mrs. Haller*—a combination of talent not likely to be witnessed in our days.—Your obedient servant, R.

Theatres.

1. COVENT GARDEN.

"*Trovatore;*" "*Bride of Song;*" "*Sonnambula;*" "*Love's Ransom.*"

We have already spoken so frequently of "*The Bride of Song*" in the way of analysis and illustration, that on the occasion of its reproduction we prefer to quote the very intelligent criticism of the *Daily Telegraph* as saying the best on the subject:—"*The Bride of Song,*" as the trifle is entitled, requires but four characters for the development of its plot, and these few *dramatis personæ* are generally heard separately. There are but two trios in the piece, and the four voices are never listened to in conjunction except in the short finale. There is one chorus, it is true, but it is introduced in a perfectly arbitrary manner, and serves no purpose in carrying on the business of the play. The action, too, is conducted in a chamber scene, and but little histrionic ability is required of the singers engaged in the performance. For these reasons the piece is eminently well adapted for drawing-room representation, and it is but fair to the composer, in estimating the value of his work, to take into consideration the conditions which he appears to have imposed upon himself in the execution of his task. It is therefore in recommendation rather than in depreciation that we speak when we say that the pretty and graceful music of "*The Bride of Song*" is of the lightest, and that it lies quite within the means of ordinarily efficient amateurs.

The libretto is from the pen of Mr. H. Farnie, who has told his simple story in dialogue, recitative being very sparingly employed to introduce two or three of the numbers of the little work. *Adelbert*, a young musician, has come into the possession of an estate on the Rhine, on condition that he abstains from any indulgence in his favourite pursuit. Music, however, is to him a second nature; he cannot help rendering his thoughts in music, nor can he help—"a common weakness of young composers," as his school-fellow, *Captain Hannibal*, remarks—"giving them to the world." So he has fathered all his compositions on this same military friend, for whom *Rénée*, a cousin of *Adelbert*, has conceived, on the score of his musical genius, a romantic attachment. *Hannibal* rates beer more highly than music, but he is nothing

loth to accept the homage of a pretty girl, and, ignorant that *Adelbert* is himself in love with his cousin, bids him drink to the "trooper's bride." On hearing the name of the *innamorata*, *Adelbert* is in despair, but *Beatrix*, his sister, comes to his assistance, appeals to the rough warrior to renounce an attachment to which he has no claim, and *Rénée*, as soon as she learns who is the real author of the effusions which she so much admires, transfers her affections to her modest cousin. The simple incidents of the story are very neatly put together, and the dialogue, though disfigured by much "damnable iteration" by the rough soldier of Q minor, which certainly would speedily have undeceived the music-loving *Rénée*, is lively and spirited, while the versified portion of the text is decidedly above the average. It may, perhaps, be hypercritical to object that Rénée is not a German name; but it is certainly to be regretted that the singers were not "coached up" in the words that are put into their mouths. An Adelbert of real life would scarcely have recognised his name as pronounced upon the stage, nor would a young German lady feel complimented by being always addressed as Frawlein.

Within the limits above alluded to, the music with which Mr. Benedict has endowed "*The Bride of Song*" demands full commendation. If too light in texture for a large theatre, it is admirably adapted to the purpose for which, we imagine, it was originally devised. The themes are invariably characterised by that facile elegance which we observe in everything that falls from Mr. Benedict's accomplished pen, and the comic humour displayed in several of the numbers has the rare merit of being untainted by vulgarity. If the operetta loses somewhat by being transferred from the concert-room to the theatre, it has a counterbalancing advantage in the exceedingly effective orchestration by which it is now for the first time embellished. The most graceful solo in the work is a song with harp accompaniment, "My home in Cloudland," in which the romantic *Rénée* expatiates on the rich glories of her imaginary home. The words are poetically suggestive, and the melody to which they are wedded as elegant and refined as any to which Mr. Benedict's refined muse has given birth. The theme is re-introduced with admirable appropriateness in the quartet finale, in which *Rénée* renounces the unsubstantial delights of her "home in cloudland" for the natural charms of the "ever-smiling Rhineland," and it is more vaguely, but not less effectively, suggested in the spirited overture. The tenor air, "For her sweet sake," was on Saturday encored, and will doubtless become popular, but it is more remarkable for the few lines of opening recitative, which are set with exquisite taste, than for its theme. The same compliment was paid to a contralto air, "Oh, do not take her from him," the opening phrase of which is, strangely enough, a reminiscence of the lovely chorus in "*Elijah*," in which the people add their supplications to the prophet's prayer for rain. The air is appropriate enough to the dramatic situation, but surely such lines as

> "Ah! do not come between them now,
> And let the *young thing* go!"

are unsuitable as a refrain to a pathetic appeal. The Trooper's ditty, "Boot and Saddle," of course, for a baritone voice, is not remarkable for originality, and it was on Saturday disfigured by a misplaced and ill-executed shake. Of the duets, "Ah! captain, I can see," is the most dramatic, the principal theme being eminently graceful and melodious, while the most effective concerted piece is a trio, "My heart is beating," which on Saturday was deservedly and enthusiastically encored. The introduced chorus, of what we may characterise as a Gounod-Weberian style, is little to our taste, and we would rather have heard an omitted duet, which, when the operetta was given at Mdme. Louisa Vinning's concert, left a pleasant impression on our memory.

Of the execution of the work we cannot speak enthusiastically. Miss Thirlwall sings and acts very neatly as the romantic *Rénée*, but her voice is sadly wanting in resonance and power, while Miss Huddart's elocution, though it contrasted favourably with that of her coadjutors, was much too solemn for the sprightly character of *Beatrix*. Mr. Haigh, the *Adelbert* of the story, and Mr. Laurence, the trooper, both possess fine voices; but the former has no idea of acting, while the latter gesticulates too much. There is room for improvement in the singing of both gentlemen. The orchestral part of the performance, indeed, alone merits unqualified praise. Mr. Benedict was called for at the conclusion of the performance, and was led on by Mr. Mellon, to whom all English composers owe so large a debt of gratitude.

The other musical event of the week has been the production of the "*Trovatore*" in English at this theatre, with Mdlle. Martorelle and Mr. C. Adams as the luckless heroine and hero. And had it not been for a severe hoarseness from which all the principal singers were suffering a very excellent and efficient performance it would have been. It is, of course, quite superfluous to comment upon the well known and well worn music of this most popular opera, and a short notice respecting the individual singers is all that we can at present afford. Mdlle. Martorelle is decidedly more at home in the energetic music of Verdi than in the elegant and sentimental airs of Bellini, and her *Leonora*, is, in every respect, an advance, and is a credit to this young and rising singer. She was less affected with the hoarseness we mentioned than any of the others; but she occasionally sang rather flat, owing, we sincerely believe, not to deficient skill or ear, but really from cold; her singing throughout was very careful, and at times reached an excellence we were quite unprepared for; as par example, the opening air of the fourth act, in Italian, "*D'Amor sull' ali*," was sung with great taste and feeling; and her share of the "*Ah che la Morte*" was equally good. Mdlle. Martorelle's voice is not perhaps the best or the most powerful we have heard in the part, but we have no fault to find with her because she is not a Bosio: we would, however, warn her to avoid a tendency to drag the time, to which we find she is much inclined, and which was apparent both in her *Amina* and *Leonora*. Need we add, that she looked and dressed the part charmingly, and acted with good taste. Mr. Adams has made another success in *Manrico*; his version of which is as good a one as we have of late heard, from a singer new to us in the part. The serenade "*Deserto sulla terra*," in the first act, was quite enough to assure us that he was thoroughly acquainted with the music, and knew how to sing it; and as the opera went on we were confirmed in our opinion. The well-known "*Ah si ben mio*" and "*Di quella pira*" were given with great energy and taste; but in the latter song Mr. Adams, after indulging in a high C of a Wachtel-like character, completely broke down in attempting the same note a second time. This, however, we are bound to say, was more his misfortune than his fault, as he was evidently labouring under a severe cold. We cannot give Mr. Laurence the commendation we would wish, for while admitting that he also was labouring under a worse hoarseness than any of the rest, we must protest against his singing so exceedingly out of time and flat. He could not help breaking into a complete cough during an encore of "*Il Balen*;" this we readily forgive him, but we cannot overlook the incorrectness of intonation, and lack of style in the execution of his music. Mr. Laurence has a beautiful voice, but if he strains it so much he will most assuredly destroy it; it is quite possible to sing forte passages without exerting the voice as Mr. Laurence does his; the consequences are obvious, the voice fatigued becomes untrue and unmanageable. Of the remaining principal singer, Mdme. Huddart, we desire to speak with the highest praise. She also was suffering slightly from the prevailing hoarseness, but her splendid voice, and thoroughly musician-like singing, compensated for this drawback; a better *Azucena* we have seldom seen or heard—her acting vigorous and intelligent, and her singing almost too good for those with whom she was playing. Mr. Aynsley Cook and the artists filling the minor characters acquitted themselves with great credit, and although we are compelled to give but a hasty notice of the opera, we desire to record its entire success, and have no doubt but that after one or two performances it will be as excellent a representation as has been given on the English operatic boards. Mr. Mellon's band, it is needless to add, was excellent, and the chorus (the same as in the Italian season) sang with their usual skill. The *mise en scène* is precisely the same as during Mr. Gye's reign. The house was very full, and the audience very enthusiastic.

2. Her Majesty's.

"*You Know Who;*" "*Faust;*" "*Sonnambula.*"

On Monday evening last Miss Susan Galton (niece, we understand, of Miss Louisa Pyne) made her first appearance in the part of *Amina*, in "*Sonnambula*," and acquitted herself of it in a manner which perfectly entitles her to her relationship in talent to our first prima donna. Although still a child in years and appearance, Miss Galton is already an artiste of great merit. Her voice is of the pure soprano quality; and although feeble and not entirely developed this is easily accounted for by her extreme youth. She governs it with ease, and produces it with discretion and taste. Her appearance on the stage was hailed with loud plandits from every part of the theatre, which continued for some moments. The public immediately seemed to sympathise with the *Amina Mignonne* of the evening; for Miss Galton is very tiny. But, *en revanche*, she is very pretty, very graceful, and, for a *débutante*, we never witnessed more natural or better acting in this arduous and difficult part. Evidently encouraged by such a warm reception, Miss Galton dismissed that terrible enemy nervousness, or if she was suffering from it, it did not appear so, as her delivery of the first *scena* was really charming; as also was the celebrated duo, "Take now this Ring," with Mr. Swift. As the opera went on her voice seemed to improve; and where we anticipated fatigue from this interesting but delicate organisation, we were surprised to find that the more the voice produced itself the better it became; and we entirely forgot that we were listening to a *débutante* when we heard her singing of the ever-beautiful finale of the second act. Her acting was also remarkably fine. Quite as clever was her delivery of the flower song in the third act, and the sudden contrast from this almost religious *andante* to the wide awake sparkling finale "Do not mingle" was rendered every justice to by Miss Galton's perfect singing and acting. There is not the slightest doubt that if this young lady follows the proper path to perfect herself in her art, by studying with care and courage, and patiently allowing nature to do its duty towards the development of her voice and strength, time must ultimately render her a prima donna of the first force, for we were really delighted with her essay. Her facility for acting there can be no mistake about: her dramatic reading of the second act was very fine, and all the third act was charming. We were not so pleased with the first act, as we thought some of the phrasing rather harsh and stagey, for the *naïve* and candid *Villageoise*. We again heard Miss Susan Galton on Wednesday night, and were quite as much pleased, if not more so, as on her first appearance. Miss Hiles's *Liza* was fair, but we have heard her to more advantage; and Mr. Swift, although a giant *Elvina* for such a *petite Amina*, did all in his power to make himself agreeable as long as the lovers were on "speaking terms." He was encored in "Still so gently," and deservedly so. Honey's *Alessio* must be good, and requires no criticism. Last, and emphatically least, Mr. Penna had a great deal of *peine à chanter* the music of the *Count Rodolfo*. Mr. Penna may be clever, but we cannot find it out. Perhaps we do not understand him, but he looks so much like a mistake on the stage. We were glad to see and *hear* Mr. Patey in his place on Wednesday evening. Patey looks a regular count, and sings like an artist. He might, by the way, be a little more particular with regard to his costume, and we are inclined to question the exactitude of any part of his dress, except his boots and horsewhip. The houses were very good each night, and under the magic wand of Signor Arditi the opera went off gloriously. Miss Galton was called on after every act, and a garden of bouquets was her deserved reward from a delighted audience. Patience and work, and Miss Susan Galton will one day take her position amongst our leading prima donnas.

3. Drury Lane.

"*A Young Lad from the Country;*" "*Macbeth.*"

4. Princess's.

"*Born to Good Luck;*" "*The Streets of London.*"

5. Lyceum.

"*My Wife's Out;*" "*Ruy Blas;*" "*Nursey Chickweed.*"

We augur the best from Mr. Fechter's reproduction of "*Ruy Blas*," in which he laid, some four years ago, the foundation stone of a fair structure of success. Since Mr. Fechter first made his bow before the stalls of the Princess's his progress in public favour has been steady and swift. Rapid as has been his improvement in the English language, equally rapid has been his advance into the good graces of the English people; and at the present point of his career Mr. Fechter occupies a position of which he may justly be proud. The estimation in which he is now held was sufficiently demonstrated on Monday night, when the Lyceum Theatre was crowded in every part to witness a most successful *reprise* of "*Ruy Blas.*" It is needless to enter in detail into the points of the drama: much has been said on that topic when it was first produced. Nor can we in the prescribed space of columns hope to do justice to Mr. Fechter's finished impersonation of the proud and sensitive lacquey; to realise which one must witness it. Suffice it to say the actor exhibited in the reproduction all the care and execution which secured for

him the favour of the public at first. Mr. Ryder, as *Don Salluste*, played his part admirably, and we need scarcely pay the same compliment to Miss C. Leclercq in the part of the *Princess Neuborg*. The scenery is all that can be desired. The minor parts are all well performed, and in every respect the reproduction of "*Ruy Blas*" is a success. In the farce, "*Nursey Chickweed*," Messrs. Widdicomb Moreland, Gordon, and Collett, Mrs. Lee and Miss Lavenue, support the fun effectually.

6. HAYMARKET.

"*The Sun and the Wind*;" "*Sunny Vale Farm*;" "*Friend Waggles*;" "*My Husband's Ghost.*"

7. NEW ADELPHI.

"*The Workmen of Paris*;" "*Doing Banting.*"

It would be utterly impossible, within the limits assigned to us, to do anything like justice to the new sensational drama which is at present drawing crowds to the Adelphi. Although nominally in five acts, it really consists of nine, for each of the so-called tableaux possesses all the completeness of a separate act, and the curtain is dropped between each. "*The Workmen of Paris; or, the Dramas of the Wine Shops*," is the joint production of MM. Adolphe D'Ennery and Dumanoir. It has had a successful run at the Porte St. Martin, and the authors have assigned to Mr. Webster the exclusive copy and acting right in the United Kingdom. Although the plot is very different, the construction of the piece is, in some respects, similar to the "*Streets of London*," and the moral of the drama is to exhibit in a glaring light the evils of intemperance. Before the action of the piece commences *Van Gratz* (Mr. Webster), a wealthy Dutch merchant, in a drunken fit murders his friend the *Count de Marsan*, in the Indies. By means of bribery he escapes justice, and on returning to Europe informs the *Countess de Marsan* (Mrs. Billington) that her husband had fallen a victim to the climate. Having some pangs of conscience in consequence of his crime, he pretends that the Count was his partner, and accordingly provides in his own mansion for the Countess and her son *Albert* (Mr. Billington). *Van Gratz* has a granddaughter, *Josepha* (Miss Henrietta Simms), upon whom he lavishes all his affection, and intends in good time to make her a Countess by means of a marriage with *Albert*. The son of the Countess, however, has fallen in love with *Blanche* (Miss Woolgar), the daughter of *Daubry* (Mr. R. Phillips), an engineer, who is a good-hearted and considerate father when sober, but a very demon when under the influence of drink. *Van Gratz* does all he can to promote the intemperate habits of *Albert*, with the view of rendering him more completely dependent upon him, and, if necessary, to force the marriage with his granddaughter. During a debauch, *Albert* loses a large sum of money in gaming to a *Dr. McMahon* (Mr. Stephenson), an Irish surgeon settled in Paris: while still in a state of intoxication he visits *Blanche* and accomplishes her ruin. *Madame Daubry* (Mrs. Stirling), on discovering her daughter's disgrace, goes to the Countess and informs her of the circumstances. The result of the interview is that *Albert* definitely engages to marry *Blanche* in reparation of the outrage. This arrangement comes to the ears of *Van Gratz*, who forthwith threatens to throw both the Countess and her son penniless upon the world, unless *Albert* renounces all idea of his marriage with the daughter of the artisan, and accedes to his demand to espouse *Josepha*. Knowing that *Albert* has lost much money at gaming, the millionaire thinks that he has him completely in his power. He promises to pay the whole of the debt, if the Count will only accede to his wishes. *McMahon* calls for the money, but eventually tears up the note of hand, upon learning the position in which the Count is placed. The old merchant being thus completely foiled, hires a drunken man to assassinate *Blanche*. He dogs her footsteps, and is preparing to accomplish the deed, when the girl, in sheer despair, throws herself into the Seine from the Quai des Ormes. At this pitiful sight the better nature of the intended assasin gets the upperhand; he manfully plunges into the river and saves the girl. The Count and his mother are making preparations for the marriage with *Blanche*, when *Van Gratz* and his granddaughter appear on the scene. The latter, broken hearted, stabs herself with a poisoned dagger, and the curtain decends as the old man drops lifeless over the corpse of his child. Such is a mere outline of the principal plot. There are numerous episodes which contribute much to the interest of the drama, and produce some highly sensational effects. We have a child run over by a carriage, and subsequently almost strangled by its father, who, in a later scene, nearly kills another son by pushing him against the cog-wheels of some machinery in motion. All sorts of wild excesses are committed by persons under the influence of drink, and no pains have been spared to make it one of the most effective homilies on temperance that has yet been put on the stage. The scenery is capital. The "foundry scene," in which forges are at work, and an immense complication of flywheels, cogwheels, steam hammers and other apparatus is in motion, baffles all description, and the "*Quai des Ormes*" with a view of the Seine and Paris by Moonlight, is one of the best scenic effects we have yet seen. Messrs. Thompson and Gates, the artists, were unanimously summoned on to the stage. The cast of the drama is very powerful, and includes nearly the whole of the Adelphi company. The "get-up" of Mr. Webster as the aged merchant is capital, and his interpretation of the part may be put down as one of the best of his impersonations. The rest of the company are all admirably suited in their parts, and seem to vie with one another in endeavouring to make the drama effective. It has all the elements of popularity, and no doubt will have a long run.

8. OLYMPIC.

"*The Girl I left behind me*;" "*Hidden Hand*;" "*My Wife's Bonnet.*"

9. STRAND.

"*The Wilful Ward*;" "*Milky White*;" "*Mazeppa.*"

10. ST. JAMES'S.

"*The Baronet Abroad; or, the Rustic Prima Donna*;" "*Sybilla*;" "*Woodcock's Little Game.*"

11. ASTLEY'S.

"*The Double-bedded Room*;" "*Maseppa.*"

12. NEW ROYALTY.

"*The Demon Lover*;" "*Snowdrop*;" "*My Dress Boots.*"

13. SADLER'S WELLS.

"*Ireland as It Was*;" "*Handy Andy*;" "*Othello*;" "*The Castle Spectre*;" "*Born to Good Luck.*"

While Miss Marriott is "starring" it in the provinces, her place is efficiently filled by Mr. Gardner Coyne, who made his appearance before a London public two or three seasons since at the Standard Theatre. He has much improved in his style, and is nightly delighting well-filled houses by his impersonations of Irish characters and his singing of Irish songs. On Friday last week "*Othello*" was performed, "for the benefit of a distressed literary family," when the Moor was represented by Mr. Robert E. Hunter, "the distinguished elocutionist," and *Iago* by Mr. George Melville, the favourite at this house. On Wednesday last, "*Othello*" was again placed on the stage, Mr. Melville playing *Othello*, and Mr. Arthur Young (the Shakspearian lecturer) *Iago*. Miss Marriott re-appeared on Monday. Great preparations are being made for the pantomime, which is to bear the local name of "*Sir Hugh Myddelton.*"

14. MARYLEBONE.

"*The Pirates of the Flowery Land*;" "*Who Will Win?*" "*Don Juan*;" "*Turpin's Ride to York.*"

15. SURREY.

"*The Orange Girl*;" "*Mandrin.*"

16. BRITANNIA.

"*Upside Down*;" "*Dick Whittington and his Cat*;" *Singing*; "*The Mother's Dying Child.*"

17. VICTORIA.

"*Life in Lambeth*; "*The Wedding Eve.*"

18. PAVILION.

"*Maseppa*;" "*Fight with Fate.*"

19. GRECIAN.

"*Whitefriars*;" "*Little Red Riding Hood*;" "*Monte Christo.*"

20. STANDARD.

"*Hamlet*;" "*Othello*;" "*The Forty Thieves.*"

21. CITY OF LONDON.

"*The Spirit Captain*;" "*Fanny Wyndham.*"

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Holt still continue to draw good houses. On Monday they appeared in the drama of "*The Spirit Captain*," which is taken from Miss Braddon's work of "*The Captain of the Vulture*," and was performed by them with immense success in the Australian and New Zealand Colonies, and in which they are likely to prove as successful in England. Professor Beaumont introduced his Great Rope feat, binding and releasing himself. The entertainments concluded with "*Fanny Wyndham*," in which Miss Eliza Clayton performed the principal character.

THE GARRICK THEATRE.—LEVY *v.* HAWKINS.—This case came before the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and a special jury, on Tuesday last, at the Court of Queen's Bench, Westminster. Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., and Mr. Prentice were counsel for the plaintiff; and Mr. Bovill, Q.C., and Mr. Bosanquet for the defendant. The plaintiff in this case was the lessee of the Garrick Theatre, Leman-street, Whitechapel, and the defendant is the lessor, and owner of considerable property in that neighbourhood, including the theatre and the adjoining houses. The action was brought to recover penalties for the non-execution of certain work which the defendant agreed to do while repairing the public-house adjoining the theatre, and also to recover certain articles which the plaintiff alleged that the defendant had wrongfully carried away while the repairs were in course of execution. The defence was that the repairs had been done, except some, the doing of which had been postponed by consent of the plaintiff. After the plaintiff had been examined in support of his own case the parties came to an arrangement, and a verdict was entered by consent for the plaintiff for £10 beyond the sum which had been paid into court.

BRADFORD.—The magistrates have just granted a licence to Messrs. Buckstone and Wilde, for the "performance of stage plays," in the new theatre in Manningham-lane, which is now almost completed. The house, which has been named the Royal Alexandra Theatre, will open on boxing-night, the entertainments comprising "*All that Glitters is not Gold*," and a grand pantomime, adapted from Mr. W. Brough's Haymarket extravaganza of "*Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia; or, Harlequin and the Happy Valley.*" Miss Madge Robinson, from the Bath and Bristol Theatres, will personate the hero, *Rasselas*, and for the harlequinade the services of Messrs. Arthur and Charles Leclercq and Miss Caroline Adams have been secured. In announcing the consent of the magistrates to the granting of the licence, the mayor was very complimentary to the applicants, and wished them every success.

[ADVT.]—RAPID CURE OF SEVERE COLD BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—"To Mr. Winnall, Bookseller, 108, High-street, Birmingham,—I had been troubled with a severe cold, which grew worse, and a difficulty of breathing, with tightness at the chest. Your assistant prescribed me Dr. Lococks's Wafers, and in a few minutes the tightness of my chest had entirely left, leaving only a slight cough, which left me next day. Sold by all medicine vendors at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

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Forté et Cor Anglais, Expression, Forté et Flûte.

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Polished Oak, **£19.** Rosewood, **£21.** Walnut, **£22.**

NINE STOPS.

Sourdine. Forté (bass), Bourdon, Cor Anglais, Expression, Flûte, Clarinette, Forté (treble), Tremblant.

Polished Oak, **£24.** Rosewood, **£26 10s.** Walnut, **£27 10s.**

ELEVEN STOPS.

Sourdine, Forté (bass), Bourdon, Cor Anglais, Grand Jeu, Expression, Céleste, Flûte, Clarinette, Forté (treble), Tremblant.

Polished Oak, **£30 10s.** Rosewood, **£33.** Walnut, **£34.**

***THIRTEEN STOPS, KNEE ACTION.**

Sourdine, Forté (bass), Basson, Clairon, Bourdon, Cor Anglais, Expression, Flûte, Clarinette, Fifre, Hautbois, Forté (treble), Tremblant, and Two Knee Pedals—Grand Jeu general, and Grand Jeu sfortz.

Polished Oak, **£39 10s.** Rosewood, **£42.** Walnut, **£44.**

***FIFTEEN STOPS, KNEE ACTION.**

Sourdine, Forté (bass), Basson, Clairon, Bourdon, Cor Anglais, Grand Jeu Expression, Celeste, Flûte, Clarinette, Fifre, Hautbois, Forté (treble) Musette, Tremblant, and Two Knee Pedals—Grand Jeu, bass, and Grand Jeu treble.

Polished Oak, **£42.** Rosewood, **£46 10s.** Walnut, **£49.**

***NINETEEN STOPS, KNEE ACTION.**

Sourdine, Contre-basse, Forté (bass), Basson, Clairon, Bourdon, Cor Anglais, Dolce, Grand Jeu (full), Expression, Grand Jeu (treble), Céleste, Flûte, Clarinette, Fifre, Hautbois, Forté (treble), Musette, Tremblant, and Two Knee Pedals—Grand Jeu bass, and Grand Jeu treble.

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THIRTEEN STOPS, PERCUSSION.

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***SEVENTEEN STOPS, PERCUSSION, KNEE ACTION.**

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Rosewood, **£60 10s.** Walnut, **£63.**

***TWENTY-ONE STOPS, PERCUSSION, KNEE ACTION.**

Sourdine, Contre-basse, Forté (bass), Basson, Clairon, Bourdon, Cor Anglais, Percussion (bass), Dolce, Grand Jeu (bass), Expression, Grand Jeu (treble), Céleste, Percussion (treble), Flûte, Clarinette, Fifre, Hautbois, Forté (treble), Musette, Tremblant, and Two Knee Pedals—Grand Jeu bass, Grand Jeu treble.

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